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LETTERS ON FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

No. V.

IN that part of Paris, which is called the Marais, and at no great distance from the arsenal, was the residence of M. de Seze, who pronounced the defence of Louis XVI. and who, before the revolution, was among the most brilliant orators of the French bar. In the house of this gentleman, I was almost domiciliated, and passed the most pleasant and perhaps instructive hours, which I allotted to social intercourse during my sojournment in the French capital. My memory dwells upon what I saw and heard, in the bosom of his family, with a satisfaction that is wholly without alloy, and my heart dilates with acknowledgment, when I am led to reflect upon the endearing kindness and the indulgent consideration, which were there displayed towards a young stranger, whose titles to attention fell so far short of those of the host and his society, and whose country was only known to them through descriptions which falsely represented it as the nursery of barbarous manners and sordid passions. I witnessed, in the family of de Seze, a picture of "the mild majesty of private life," such as embellished France, in many hallowed mansions, before the revolution; enlivened by the winning vivacity, graced by the polished refinements and ennobled by the

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high honour, of the old French character. The virtues of the heart shone with the lustre which they receive from the most valuable endowments of nature, improved by rich culture and exquisite taste; from habitual attention to the most liberal and exalted pursuits; from a sort of youthful, fresh enthusiasm, even in the advanced stages of existence, for the arts and the offspring, of imagination; from a fond indulgence of the "bland illusions" of domestic and social life; and from that true and amiable philosophy of optimism, which incessantly turns to the eye under almost any circumstances, "the gayest and happiest attitude of things,"

De Seze is a prominent figure in the charming memoirs of Marmontel, and was the bosom friend of that admirable writer. I cannot forbear quoting to you the language in which Marmontel describes him, in order that you may become better acquainted with the man of whom I am about to speak in some detail.

"With respect to M. de Seze," says Marmontel, "I do not believe that there is on earth, one whose society is more desirable than his. He was eminently conspicuous for a gaiety, ingenious, inviting and witty; a natural eloquence, that in conversation, even the most familiar, flowed in an abundant current; a quickness, a justness of thought, and expression, which at every mo-

ment, seemed inspired ; and better than all, an open heart full of rectitude, sensibility, kindness and candor : such were the qualities of the friend, that the Abbe Maury had long taught me to desire, and that the vicinity of our country houses procured me.

“ From our very first interviews to see, to enjoy, to cherish each other, to desire to meet again, were simultaneous effects ; and distant as we now are, this attachment is the same. At least, on my side, nothing in my solitude has more occupied me, nor more interested me than he. De Seze is one of those rare men, of whom it may be said, you must love him, if you have not loved him already ; and when you shall have once loved him, you must love him forever. *Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit ; qui jam amavit, cras amet.*”*

The same qualities still distinguish this noble person, and are now illustrated by the honours, with which his talents and conduct have since invested his name. After the ignominious refusal of Target to undertake the vindication of Louis XVI. de Seze was selected by the monarch to co-operate with Malesherbes, and accepted the perilous distinction, with an alacrity, that served to exhibit the pusillanimity of Target in still higher relief. I obtained from him copious details concerning the history of this proceeding, and the deportment of his sovereign at this great crisis. Every trait which he narrated served to exalt the moral character of Louis, and to aggravate the infamy of his butchers. De Seze composed and pronounced his defence before the convention, with all the ability and enthusiasm, which the occasion required, but with too accurate a knowledge of the dispositions of his judges, not to have anticipated the result. The first occupation of the advocate,

after his election to this glorious office, was to make all his testamentary arrangements, and to settle his affairs, as if he himself had been condemned to the scaffold. The undertaking was viewed by himself and all his friends, as the immediate forerunner of his own destruction. He was, indeed, thrown into prison, not long after the execution of Louis, but escaped, by a combination of fortunate contingencies, after a confinement of four years.

A circumstance connected with his imprisonment was related to me by a companion of his misfortunes and confirmed by the testimony of his excellent wife, which will give you a just idea of the genius of the man, and of the powers of his eloquence. He received information, in the morning of the day, on which he was released, that M. de Seze would probably obtain the desired order for his enlargement in the course of the evening. She was, therefore, as you may imagine, expected with no small impatience. The sun, however, descended, and the hour for repose arrived ; but the herald of good tidings did not make her appearance. De Seze retired with a heavy and anxious heart, leaving many solemn and earnest injunctions upon the jailor's wife, who kept the keys, to be ready to open her doors, at the first sound that was heard at them. He remained awake, listening eagerly to every noise that assailed his ear, and at length, between twelve and one o'clock, heard a loud knocking at the gate, which, according to his own relation, made him exclaim instantaneously, in a voice loud enough to be overheard by the whole neighbourhood, ‘ C'est ma femme.’ ‘ It is my wife.’

The discipline of the prison forbade him to leave his cell, before he received a formal summons. The knockings were repeated with redoubled violence, but no indication was given of a movement to o-

pen the door. He knew at the same time, that the smallest delay might be fatal, and that if the morning found him there, he might be dragged forth to execution, in spite of a thousand commissions for his enlargement. His impatience overcame, at length, every consideration of prudence. He rushed forth and ran to the room of the jailor's wife, whom he found awake, but with no disposition to rise. The woman was of a hardened and brutal character, and resisted all his entreaties, alleging, that she was expressly privileged from attending to calls at that hour of the night. He then, without hesitation, seized the keys of the prison, unlocked the doors himself, and found all his wishes realised, in the appearance of his wife, with the order for his immediate release. The noise which this proceeding occasioned, and the sound of his voice, roused his fellow captives, who were apprised of his hopes, and took the most lively interest in his escape. They all came forth instantaneously, notwithstanding the restriction which I have mentioned above, and surrounded him in the hall of the prison.

After the first endearments and congratulations were over, the jailor's wife, who had slowly attired herself in the interval, made her appearance. The indignation which her insensibility had excited in the mind of de Seze, was not suppressed by the joy of his deliverance, and apparently forgetful of the last, he immediately turned to apostrophize her on the inhumanity of her conduct. He descanted on the deformity of her feelings, on the general duties of her station, on the sentiments which it was incumbent upon her to entertain, in favour of the unhappy victims about her, and the delight with which she should have co-operated in their rescue, in a strain of eloquence so powerful and pathetic, that the woman, at length, fell at

his feet, drowned in tears, and agitated by the most violent emotions of sorrow and contrition. The bystanders listened to him for the full half hour during which his harangue lasted, with astonishment and admiration. I have heard from himself, that on no occasion of his life, was he conscious of so strong an inspiration of feeling, and of such vivacity of expression.

I have listened to the recital given by de Seze, & his companions, of what passed in the interior of their prisons, with emotions of unutterable horror:—"with shuddering, meek, submitted thought." Mr. Burke has been accused of indulging his imagination in the pictures which he has drawn, of the ferocity and excesses of the jacobin faction, but the testimony now borne on that subject, by all parties in France, proves that neither his vigorous fancy, nor, to use his own language, "any muse of fire that had ascended the highest heaven of invention" could exceed the reality, or do more, than imperfectly sketch, this unparalleled group of horrors. Notwithstanding the cruel indignities and the physical suffering, to which the unhappy victims in the prisons, were exposed, the gaiety of the national character, triumphed over the pangs of reflection and misery, whenever they were permitted to mingle, for social purposes. In the loathsome receptacle in which de Seze was confined, the prisoners, most of them persons of rank and fortune before the revolution, took their wretched and scanty meal, at a common table, and were occasionally blessed with the privilege, of spending their evenings together. They contrived games for mutual amusement, engaged in lively discussions on subjects of literature and taste, and indulged in flights of merriment and sallies of wit, although it was almost a certainty, that many of the number would be carried out for execution, in the course of

the night. In the morning when they met at breakfast, their swollen eyes and pallid looks evinced, that their gaiety had abandoned them, as soon as they were delivered up to the solitude of their cells, and to the intrusion of thought. They gazed round them with a countenance of dismay and dread, to note the vacancies which the early visit of the committee men had left, and the new faces which it had introduced. The absence of a friend or a relation, produced a paroxysm of grief for the moment, but the tears of useless and dangerous sorrow were soon dried up. The new guests were greeted with compassionate courtesy, and learned to experience themselves, in the course of a few days, the same alternations of gaiety and grief, which had agitated the minds of their predecessors.

I found de Seze more eloquent in conversation than any man whom I encountered in France. As a reader he is above all praise. His excellence in this line of declamation, is equalled only by that of Lord Erskine, to whom he bears, also, a striking resemblance in the animation of his manner, and the beauty of his elocution. Both possess all the requisites, and display all the qualities, which form the consummate orator. "*Vultus, sonus, gestus; flumen gravissimorum, optimorumq; verborum.*"

The society which assembled at the house of de Seze, consisted of many of the principal literati of Paris, and particularly, of the remnant of that corps, which Marmontel describes in so engaging a manner.—Of these, the most distinguished, was the old Abbe Morellet, whose character he portrays, in such glowing but appropriate colors. Morellet held a conspicuous place among the sect of the economists, and acquired a great and well merited reputation, by his writings on political economy, and by various critical disquisitions, re-

markable for the subtlety and originality of mind which they display, and for the purity and elegance of the style. His powers of ridicule were almost unrivalled, and wielded with irresistible force and effect. At the period of my acquaintance with him, he had passed the age of seventy, but exhibited no proofs of decrepitude either in mind or body.

Jam senior, sed cruda des viridisque senectus.

His judgment was unimpaired, his memory retentive, and his fund of knowledge, on all subjects, truly prodigious. The same elegant and sprightly wit, the same ingenious and engaging pleasantry, which Marmontel celebrates, seasoned his copious discourse, and gave it an irresistible attraction, both for the young and the old. The inexhaustible and sportive anecdotes, —even the facetious songs,—with which he amused, and the profound and luminous political views with which he instructed, the coteries of Mde. de Deffand, and Mde. du Boecage, constituted equally, the delight, and the admiration, of the friends, by whom I saw him surrounded in the Marais. In the Institute, he was respected as the most able critic of the country, and treated with the deference due to one of the *elders* (*doyens*) of French literature, and to a worthy of the old school. He availed himself of the privilege of his age and character, to speak with more openness, on the subject of the present government of France, than any other person whom I encountered in Paris. The enthusiasm which he had displayed, in favour of the cause of freedom, at the commencement of the revolution, had not subsided, nor did he affect to dissemble the continuance of his attachment, to the principles he then avowed. The revolution robbed him of his fortune, and reduced him to the necessity of seeking a

subsistence from the booksellers, who employed him for a number of years, in translating a multitude of English novels. Among the number are those of Mrs. Radcliffe, of which his version is excellent.

Morellet was intimately connected, and several others of the society of de Seze, were familiarly acquainted, with that association of philosophers, to whom the revolution of France has been in part ascribed. My inquiries concerning them were circumstantial and frequent, and the purport of the information which I obtained, tended to confirm the detestation, in which I have always held their views and principles. The testimony even of their admirers, left no doubt on my mind, but that they had deliberately formed, and industriously pursued, a systematic plan, for the subversion both of the altar and of the throne. The means which they selected and studiously employed, were of a nature no less detestable than the end. It became their favourite policy, to vitiate the imagination, and debauch the minds of the French public, by the dissemination of obscenity, in order to prepare them the better, for the catastrophe which they had in view. The abominable licentiousness of the writings of Voltaire and Diderot, is to be traced, not merely to the wantonness of a depraved fancy, but to fixed design.

There is an aggravation of guilt, in this hypothesis, doubly shocking to the moral sense.

Dr. Johnson, in his *Rambler*, holds a language with regard to this description of writers in general, of which I shall avail myself here, in order to express adequately the sentiments I have always entertained, and which, I think, every honest mind should cherish on the same subject.

"The wickedness of a loose or profane author is more atrocious than that of the giddy libertine, or drunken ravisher, not only because

it extends its effects wider, as a pestilence that taints the air is more destructive than poison infused in a draught, but because it is committed with cool deliberation. By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue; when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed; but, for the frigid villainy of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity, of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? what punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitudes for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy and ransacks his memory only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation, and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?"

Marmontel himself is not free from the reproach which attaches to his confederates, and has infused a subtle poison into many of his moral tales, which is rendered the more dangerous, by the attractive garb under which it is concealed. The character, moreover, which he draws in his *Memoirs*, of the encyclopedists, and their antagonists, is not always to be relied on as just. His personal attachments and political principles, led him to exaggerate the merits of the one, and to depreciate those of the other and in some instances, to employ a coloring altogether false. Nothing can be more inaccurate than his account of Diderot, and Helvetius. I must confess to you also, that, whatever superiority of genius may have belonged to the society which he describes, I should prefer the tone and habits of the present literary associations of the French capital. The members of the club of encyclopedists appear

to have been incessantly agitated by the jealousy of competition, and constantly engaged either in what Johnson calls, a digladiation of wit or an ambitious and ostentatious display of erudition and genius. They formed what are termed in Paris, *bureaux d'esprit*, now universally and happily proscribed.

The forms of social intercourse, particularly among the literary classes, are at this moment, in the French capital, more eligible than at any former period, and preferable, perhaps, to those of any other part of the world. The houses of a number of the eminent literati, and of several of the members of the Institute, are, on a particular evening each week, open for the reception of the world of letters, and of strangers who seek their communion. An introduction to the host is easily obtained by the latter, and an invitation to these meetings readily given, if their qualifications are such as to entitle them in any manner, to the distinction. Rank and wealth, are not the accomplishments demanded, even in the case of an inhabitant of Paris.

An intelligent foreigner suitably recommended, has thus an opportunity of encountering every day of the year, in these societies, whatever the French metropolis affords, that is brilliant in wit, or eminent in learning and in the fine arts. The assemblage commences at about eight in the evening, and disperses about midnight. Suppers, which belonged to all the evening entertainments of the old *regime*, are now extremely rare. Their place is supplied by light refreshments, handed about to the guests, who enter and retire without ceremony, and are wholly free from restraint. They either collect in groups to converse, or amuse themselves alternately with a book, should the meeting be held, as is frequently the case, in the library of the host. The *Soires* or *Cercles*

as they are denominated, of Suard, Gregoire, Millin, Rumford, Helon, Maria Williams, &c. are of the description to which I now refer, and composed of materials no less excellent, than their organization is judicious.

The French are naturally more sociable, than any other people, and the learned and scientific among them, retain this bias, notwithstanding the tendency of their pursuits, to withdraw them from the bustle of life. They see each other habitually in the meetings which I have described, and are frequently found in the drawing-rooms of the great and the fashionable. No inconsiderable portion of their time is allotted to the reciprocation of ceremonious visits. I never was able to reconcile the bulk of their labours, with the readiness, which they display at all hours, to attend to the calls of casual visitors, or with their liberal indulgence, in the pleasures of social converse. Their system has its advantages, but it is not, at the same time, without its evils. To mix often with the world, is undoubtedly of importance, under every point of view; to the interests of those who are engaged in the pursuits of literature, and science. It tends to soften and refine their manners; to dissipate the prejudices of feeling, and the errors of opinion, which are so easily contracted in the solitude of the closet; to enlarge their views of the subjects which they treat, and to open new sources of thought, by the comparison of adverse reasonings, and opposite judgments, on the same points. The French literati reap these advantages, in their utmost extent, and make valuable accessions to their stock of knowledge, in their daily intercourse. The dogmatism and pedantry of the old school, are indeed, banished, but the topics which occupy their private meditations, still engage much

of their discourse, and are discussed with lively zeal.

The benefits I have here enumerated, are, however, not without their alloy. I could easily trace, in the social habits and occupations of the Parisian writers, and scholars, the causes in part, of that manifest inferiority, in relation to depth of knowledge and to the perfection of style, under which they labour, with respect to the same fraternity in England. The former, I think, analyse any subject, however intricate, with greater rapidity, and compose with more facility; but in the moral sciences, in erudite researches, and in the refinement of style, they are far from exercising the same degree of abstraction, labour and perseverance. Too many of their hours are devoted to the dissipation of the world, and to the turmoil of business. Their thoughts are too actively and habitually engaged, in plans of political advancement, and schemes for the gratification of vanity. To shine and to dazzle, to be applauded and caressed, to wear the badges of office, and discharge administrative functions, is the chief aim of the man of lettres in Paris, and almost the sole object of his ambition. As soon as he acquires reputation by his writings, or treasures up a portion of knowledge, sufficient for the immediate purpose, a new train of images takes possession of his mind, and seclusion becomes no longer tolerable. He must then be constantly in movement, in order to collect the tribute of praise. His attention is almost wholly diverted to the contemplation of the means by which he is to secure the substantial reward in view, or to maintain the glitter of his name. He immediately, as it were, sets himself upon a stage, and begins to act a studied and theatric part, in that general system of imposture, of which his government is the head;—a system which, to use the language of Mr. Burke, 'takes every

man from his house,' and under which, the Parisian scholar as well as his rulers, exists by every thing that is spurious, fictitious, and false.

I scarcely need to suggest to you, that neither profound erudition, nor great excellence in style, can be obtained, without long and steady toil; that no mind, however eminently endowed by nature, can be qualified to convey solid instruction to mankind, or ever ascend the heights of moral science, and elevated speculation, that does not yield up much time to solitary meditation, and pursue undiverted, for a series of years, the same track of thought. After what I have said in the preceding page, taken in connexion with this truth, you will readily understand,—particularly if you reflect at the same time upon the influence of a military despotism, over the productions of the intellect,—why it is, that the general literature of France, is, at this moment, inferior to that of her rival, even if we allow to the French literati, greater quickness of intuition, and more facility in composition. The peculiar aptitude of the English character for studious seclusion,—the patience of labour, and spirit of perseverance by which it is distinguished,—the exclusive and steady devotion paid by the learned of England to their favourite pursuits, and the unlimited freedom of selection and discussion which they enjoy, in their studies, give altogether to their writings, a character of sound decision, and deep research, a finish and purity of diction, a grace and elegance of taste, a philosophical solidity and dignity, in which those of their neighbours are strikingly deficient. In the higher and stronger flights, and in the deep workings of imagination, the English have always had the superiority.

During my residence in Paris, most of the fashionable families had a *cercle* or *soiree* once a week, at

which cards formed the chief amusement. The hours of assembling and separating, were earlier than those of London, and the number never so great, as to destroy comfort or preclude conversation. Such a meeting as a rout, was happily unknown. The parties engaged at whist and reversi, the games in vogue, rarely played very high, as far as my observation enabled me to judge. Balls were innumerable, and frequent among all classes of society, from the governor to the shoeblack. The sound of the violin was to be heard in every part of the capital, and dancing appeared to be rather a passion, or a rage, than a common amusement. The excellence to which the French have attained in this art, is, as you know, wholly unrivalled, and excites the admiration of every stranger. Among the higher orders, the youth of both sexes, allot to it two or three hours every day, for a series of years, and display an agility, and an emulation, which give to these meetings, the air of a theatrical representation. A ball in one of the fine hotels of Paris, presents a scene of absolute enchantment. The amplitude and decorations of the apartments, the brilliancy of the illumination, the splendor and taste of the dresses, the vivacity of the assistants, and the dexterity of the dancers,—all contribute to produce an irresistible effect, and would transport the most sluggish imagination. The orchestra is always numerous, and well composed, and when the airs of the waltz are sounded, one might well repeat,

“Then the inexpressive strain
“Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
“Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
“And vales of bliss.”

Among the fashionable entertainments, was one entitled a tea party, *un the a l'Angloise*, in avowed imitation of the English manner.—I was somewhat amused with the

nature of this imitation. The first of the kind at which I was present, was given by the countess of R—, to a large assembly. The guests arrived at about nine, and amused themselves with conversation and music, until midnight, when two large tables were introduced, the one bearing the tea-equipage, and the other spread with *bons-bons*, and exhibiting a large silver bason of boiled milk, for the gratification of the amateurs of *soupe au lait*.—The lady of the mansion made the tea, and distributed it to those who approached to receive their dish. Such as preferred the contents of the other table, helped themselves without ceremony. After this repast was finished, the tables were cleared, and the servants immediately introduced boiling water, sugar, brandy, and lemons, the ingredients of what is vulgarly denominated hot punch. It was mixed by the countess, and passed from her fair hands to those of the visitors of both sexes. This singular association of tea and punch must amuse you. The second was deemed indispensable, in order to render the entertainment completely English. Dinner parties are much less frequent in Paris, among the opulent, than in London, and of much shorter duration. The public repasts which take place in England, and in this country, accompanied by toasts, and a free expression of political sentiment, are utterly unknown in France. They are incompatible with the nature of the French government, and so would be the long sittings after dinner, in which we indulge, and which so naturally lead to political discussion.

Paris is divided into several distinct societies, which bear a very different character. The inhabitants of the Marais, the quarter in which de Seze resides, consist for the most part of respectable families, impoverished by the revolution; of lawyers and others attach-

ed to the courts of justice, of merchants, &c. who live in a frugal and unostentatious manner. They retain more of the primary morals, and of the decencies and charities of life, than any other branch of the Parisian community, and enjoy many more of its solid comforts, and highest enjoyments. They meet frequently in the evening, dance gaily, partake of a modest repast, congratulate themselves mutually on their distance from the tumult of fashionable *etourderie*, and vice, and forget in these intervals of self applause, and guiltless recreation, all their past misfortunes, and their present miseries. It is among them alone, that you can trace strong vestiges of the *bonhomie*, the kind simplicity, the winning, unfeigned urbanity, of the old French character, and can recognise all the features of soul and manner, by which the nation once entitled itself to be called,

“ An easy moved,
“ A quick, refined, a delicate, humane,
“ Enlightened people.”

I cannot undertake to say, that the society of which I now speak, has not degenerated from this picture, or that it is altogether exempt, from the corruption and the vulgarity which pervades the more opulent and fashionable classes. The inhabitants of the Marais live in too infectious a neighbourhood, and have too potent an example of vice before them, to have escaped its contagion. The youth of this quarter of Paris; as well as of every part of France, could not fail to suffer by the absence of all sources of instruction, and the general havoc of manners, and morals during the revolution. They offer, however, an edifying spectacle, when compared to the world of fashion, and have left with me impressions, upon which I love to dwell. I repaired to their meetings, as to a

sort of refuge, from the pestilential atmosphere of the region of power and rank, and found in them a grateful image of the social intercourse of our own country, where there is so much of “ comely grace,” of mutual good will, of sound sense, and of heartfelt cheerfulness, with so few of the jealousies, and vanities, which agitate and embitter, and none of the foul vices, and treacherous aims, which pollute and degrade, the association of the upper class, in almost every part of the world.

The Faubourg St. Germain, the best built quarter of Paris, is the asylum of another description of persons, next in the scale of morality, and real refinement, to those of the Marais. I allude to a portion of the old nobility, and proprietaries of France, who have survived the storm of the revolution, and taken up their residence in that part of the capital, with limited incomes, but with an ample residue of the same corruptions and follies, that characterized them, before the season of their adversity. For some time they formed a separate society, and industriously excluded the *nouveaux venus*, the new lords of the ascendant, from their meetings, in which much of the polished courtesy and something of the solemn affectation of the old school, were retained. Various causes, however, soon conspired to overcome this fastidiousness, and their *coleries* now exhibit a motley group, possessing some elegance of manners and delicacy of taste, but with few of the virtues of the heart, and not much of “ the drapery furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination.”

The great scene of fashionable intercourse lies in the vicinity of the principal theatres, and in the *Chaussee d'Antin*, a part of Paris not far distant, which contains the hotels of the opulent bankers, and of the dignitaries of the empire; the latter are the most magnificent,

and luxurious in their style of living, and give tone, and movement to the world of rank and fashion. Their mansions are splendidly furnished, their tables sumptuously spread, and their drawing-rooms often filled with a brilliant and numerous assemblage of guests. Most of this new nobility, as well as of the rest of those, who now support the most expensive establishments, are as you know, persons of mean extraction, and of little or no education. The society which they collect about them, consists of the military, and the civil functionaries, to a majority of whom, the same remark may be applied. To these are added, some of the *cidevant* noblesse, and of the literati and *savans*, who however, bear but a small proportion to the rest, in point of number.

In a society composed of such materials as these, you cannot expect to meet any very exquisite refinement of manners, or elegant play of the imagination; an interchange of delicate and instructive thought, or much dignity of demeanor. You will not be surprised, when you are told, that it exhibits opposite features; that although the mere mechanism of courtesy, is not wanting, and the forms and phraseology of polite salutation are generally observed; there is still, among the mass, a grossness, and vulgarity of expression, an arrogance of tone and manner, a certain degree of ferocity in some, and of fawning adulation in others, which inspire a lively disgust and must be particularly revolting to those, who have enjoyed an opportunity of mixing with the higher circles under the old regime.

In this class of Parisian society, there does not reign the same degree of gaiety, which obtains in that, of which I have previously spoken. The members of it are for the most part engaged in political intrigues, which produce re-

serve and abstraction. They look upon each other with an eye of distrust and fear, as they are mutually conscious of exercising the functions of spies and informers. Where treachery is apprehended, pleasure cannot dwell; where language is to be cautiously guarded, and even the countenance drilled into a particular expression, lest ruin should be the consequence of an obnoxious word, or a doubtful look, there may be "forced jests, and laborious laughter," but there can be no real merriment of the heart. The faces of the public functionaries denote anxiety, caution and restraint. Every man is watchful either to betray others, or to defend himself, and is acting a studied part, whenever he is beyond the family circle, and even there, if he be under the eye of a domestic. The society of the *Thuileries*, notwithstanding the solemn pomp, and gorgeous magnificence of the Imperial train, wears the same aspect as that I have just described. It is marked even by still greater coarseness or ignorance. Whatever powers of mimicry may belong to the national genius, the habits, manners, and morals of unlettered soldiers, and fish-women, cannot be suddenly laid aside, nor particularly where an example of ferocity and vulgarity is set by the monarch himself, can an august and polished court be formed out of such materials, although there may be blended with them, some few of a superior mould and finer texture.

As the revolution has not conduced to refine the manners, neither has it, you may be assured, operated to purify the morals of the Parisian society. The licentiousness of the old court, and of the higher circles under the monarchy, was indeed great; but I am inclined to suppose, that it fell far short of that which now shocks the moral feelings in the French metropolis. If you reflect upon the state of

France, during the revolution, without religious restraints or public instruction, or a regular administration of justice; upon the system of divorce, which was in activity for so long a time, and upon the original condition, and characters of those, who now monopolize wealth, and power in Paris, you will not be at a loss to form a just conclusion, with regard to the public morals. They are not only depraved to an unprecedented, and incredible degree, but are, as you may infer from the representation I have given above, stripped of the protection of that body of opinion, sentiment, and manners which, according to Mr. Burke, "makes vice lose half its evils by losing all its grossness."

The women of Paris, although they still enjoy no small share of influence, and are extremely active in political intrigue, live, nevertheless, in a state of wretched degradation. An exterior, and ceremonious homage is paid to them, but there no longer exists in their favour, that generous loyalty, and respectful gallantry of the heart, those feelings of tenderness, and deference, which, while they humanize and exalt our own character, invest their objects with much real dignity, and power, and tend to produce the very combination of excellence, to which alone they are due. The spirit of chivalry, which led to the beautiful relations, in which the sexes now stand towards each other in England, and in this country, although the offspring of illusion in the first instance, contributed to realise that perfection in the female character, from the mere supposition of which, it originally sprung. It created an ambition in the sex to reach the ideal standard of virtue, and refinement, which it introduced, and subjected them to a formidable censorship, in the fastidiousness of public opinion to which it gave rise.

No where did the chivalrous spi-

rit flourish more than in France, until the period of the revolution. And although from a variety of causes, its beneficial influence over the female character, was less there than elsewhere, it tended to counteract the propensities of vice, and to give to social intercourse, an exterior at least, of decorum and elegance. It has now wholly disappeared from the fashionable world of Paris, and with it, all the beneficial effects I have enumerated. Women living in a state of avowed concubinage, who do not even bear the names of those with whom they reside, are admitted freely into the higher circles, see the best company at home, and receive from the other sex, as well as from their own, all the customary demonstrations of esteem and deference. They enjoy, in fact, the same degree of estimation, as their associates who live in legitimate wedlock, and who, indeed, are, for the most part, entitled to but little more.

Chastity and even conjugal fidelity, are not classed among the necessary virtues, or the chief ornaments of the female character. Marriage, "the origin of all our relations, and the element of all moral obligation," is considered rather as a release from the bondage of decorum, than as an entrance upon the severest duties; rather as an occasion to give publicity to vice, than seclusion to virtue. I have said "as a release from bondage," because it is rather singular that the restraints imposed upon girls, before marriage, are of the most rigid kind:—such as to condemn them to total silence in mixed companies, and to preclude them from all familiar intercourse with the other sex: whereas, after marriage, they enjoy unbounded freedom;—a latitude of indulgence, that opens the door to the most frightful corruption. The matrimonial union is generally formed without any previous acquaintance

between the parties, and not having that sacred, and awful character which religion and opinion communicate to it, among us, can be, in such a case, but a slender tie, and a feeble restraint.

You may readily infer from the foregoing pages, that love, as a moral sentiment, of the purest delicacy, and of the highest order, is almost entirely unknown in the French capital. In the mind of a Parisian, who considers a woman as little better than a mere animal or automaton, it is no more than the coarsest sensuality, or a transitory impulse of sympathy. No where on earth, however, is so much said on the subject of the pure union of hearts. If we except the celebration of the virtues of the Imperial family, scarcely any thing is heard in the theatres but the panegyric of sentimental attachment. Scarcely any other strain is sung, but "the sublimity of conjugal affection."

The new law of divorce opens an easy road to the dissolution of the marriage contract, but advantage is not taken of it as frequently as might be imagined. The temptation to this step, cannot be supposed to be strong, where the conjugal union imposes so little restraint on the disorderly passions of either party. A particular case occurred during my residence in Paris, which deserves to be mentioned, as an illustration of the state of public morals. The wife of an Irish gentleman domiciliated there, sued for a divorce, upon unsubstantial grounds, in the inferior courts, and was unsuccessful in her demand. The cause was carried by appeal to the court of cassation, the supreme judicature of France, where the judgment of the other tribunals was reversed, and a decision pronounced in favour of the wife, notwithstanding a very strenuous opposition on the part of the husband. It was notorious, that the applicant was the mistress of the president of the court of cassation,

and quite evident that the success of her suit, was owing to his influence, exerted in a manner equally repugnant to decency and to justice. Nothing could be more shamelessly indelicate, than the manner in which the late divorce of the emperor was conducted. The nature of the cause alleged, the solemnity of the promulgation, the whole ceremonial, both as to language and form, were alike coarse and offensive. If you wish to form an adequate conception of the morality of Paris, at this moment, I would refer you to the numberless epithalamiums, presented to Bonaparte on the occasion of his marriage, and graciously received. They exceed in grossness and obscenity, any productions of the kind to be found in the whole range of poetry.

The civil action which the English law accords to the husband, against the seducer of his wife, is I believe, unknown to the jurisprudence of France. At least, I have never heard of a case of the kind. If such a remedy were provided and generally resorted to, it would be necessary to double the present number of tribunals. I observe that some curious provisions, on the score of adultery, have been introduced into the new penal code published the last spring. It is declared to be the intention of the Emperor, to vindicate the cause of good morals, throughout the empire, and the following regulations have been, therefore, enacted. A woman convicted of Adultery, is subjected to the punishment of imprisonment, for a space not less than three months, and not exceeding two years. No denunciation, can be valid against her, but that of her husband, and he himself is not entitled to denounce her, if he has been convicted of the same crime. He may obtain her pardon, if he consent to take her back to his house. The seducer is subjected to imprisonment for the same space of time, and to a fine of not-

less than one hundred francs, and not more than two thousand, about four hundred dollars. The husband in the same case must be denounced by the wife, and is only made liable to punishment, when convicted of having kept his mistress in his own dwelling. The penalty inflicted upon him, is a fine of the same amount, as that imposed upon the seducer. The reason assigned for the clause, which prescribes that the wife should denounce the husband, and inversely, is, that they alone are interested in the fidelity of each other, and have exclusively a right to complain, of what is, nevertheless, qualified, as a breach of public morals.

Whoever has seen the state of society in France, must smile at the tenor of this law. It is obviously a mere bubble to legislate thus upon abuses which no edicts, however rigorous, can affect, and which, as the French rulers well know, require remedies of a very distinct nature. You have read in Suetonius and in Gibbon, of the legislative attempts made by Augustus, to reform the similar vices of Rome, and of their utter futility. If Bonaparte, whose actual policy, and whose real interest it is, to foster the corruption about him, were even animated by dispositions as sincere as those of Augustus, his efforts would be equally ineffectual. Manners are, in all instances, paramount to laws, and serve, either to fortify or paralyse the latter, as they happen to be in unison, or at variance with them. The whole system, both of government, and manners, in France, must be moulded anew, before the domestic or social virtues, can be made to flourish, or even the decencies of life resume their influence. A very different example must be set by the French rulers, from that now held forth, if it be seriously meant, to give efficacy to any legislative provision, for the reformation of the public morals.

It was first asserted by Aristotle, in his politics,* that "such as the heads of the community are, such must the people at large speedily become."* If ever there was a country to which this maxim could be safely applied, France is that country. Cicero, in his treatise *de Legibus*, has generalized the idea of the Stagyrite, and inculcates a doctrine which well deserves the attention even of the citizens of a free commonwealth. I shall quote his language, for your amusement. "Nec enim tantum mali est precare principes (quanquam est magnum hoc per se ipsum malum) quantum illud, quod permulti imitatores principum existunt. Nam licet videre, si velis replicare, memoriam temporum, qualescunque summi civitatis viri fuerunt, talem civitatem fuisse; quaecunque mutatio morum in principibus exstiterit, eandem in populo secuturam. Idque haud paulo est verius, quam quod Platoni nostro placet, qui, musicorum cantibus, ait, mutatis, mutari civitatum status. Ego autem nobilium vita victuque mutato, mores mutari civitatum puto. Quo perniciosius de republica merentur vitiosi principes, quod non solum vitia concipiunt ipsi, sed infundant in civitatem; neque solum obsunt, quod ipsi corrumpuntur, plusque exemplo quam peccato nocent." "The vices and crimes of the nobility, though great evils in themselves, are rendered still greater, because they will always be the objects of general imitation. The experience of history teaches, that in point of morals, such as have been the leading men of a state, such also has been the state itself; and that whatever alteration has taken place in the manners of the great, a similar alteration has followed in those of the people at large. This truth is far better ascertained than the observation of Plato, that the character of a

*Lib. ii.

nation changes, by changing the style of its music. But I assert, that it changes by changing the lives and behaviour of the great. Wherefore, profligate princes and profligate leaders are so much the more punishable than other men, because they are not only vicious in themselves, but infuse their vices into the public; and because whatever mischief results from their crimes, still greater results from their example."

FROM THE MIRROR OF TASTE.

BIOGRAPHY.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WARREN,

Actor and Manager of the Philadelphia Theatre.

MR. WARREN is a native of the celebrated city of Bath in England, where he was born on the tenth day of May 1767, as appears from the church records of his baptism in the books of St. James's parish. Though he cannot, with Othello, boast that he "fetches his life and being from men of royal liege," he can do more than many men of royal liege can do—he can truly affirm that he fetches his life and being from an honest race of useful men, who for ages maintained a respectable character among their fellow yeomen of that country. His grandfather was a farmer, and had a mill on his estate which, though small, was enough for all the purposes of content and plenty, and was so near Bath that a portion of it now constitutes a part of the city, and is that which all who frequent the place known by the name of "The Grove." Philip Warren, the father of our manager, was bred a cabinet maker, which trade he followed at Bath for many years, and at this time carries on in the city of London. At the usual age our friend William was put to

school, in order to his receiving an education suited to the business intended for him by his father; and as this was the trade of a cabinet maker, it may reasonably be concluded that the dead languages made no part of his acquirements; a competent knowledge of the English language, a good hand-writing with arithmetic and accounts, being generally the whole amount of a commercial education in England; but if the boy be intended for one of the mechanical trades of a certain description, geometry, at least practical geometry, is perhaps superadded.

The provident schemes of parents for the future pursuits of their children have been oftener frustrated by the stage, than by any other of those specious delusions which dazzle the weak eyes of youth, and betray them from the smooth, beaten highway of discretion. Some of the most delightful reveries of family pride and parental partiality have been dissipated—some of the most lofty castles, which an overweening imagination ever fabricated in the air, have been laid in careless ruin—some of the most splendid visions of fame and fortune and title, which fancy ever raised to flatter and to baffle hope, have been dissolved and melted into air by one touch from the wand of that witching neeromancer Shakspeare. Full many a life has been saved by the spirit of our immortal bard whispering in the ear of an intended Esculapius to change his field of action from the sick room to the stage, and to poison only in fiction; full many a pulpit has been relieved from a projected burden—full many a pious mother's hopes and father's waking dreams of tythes and lawn sleeves annihilated by the wicked seduction of the sock and buskin;—& the most francorous adversaries of the drama must be fain to acknowledge the important services it has rendered to society by drawing

over a multitude of men of genius from the pillage of the long robe to the pageantry of the stage, and thinning the legions of Westminster Hall. Merchants themselves—mechanics—men of all classes and descriptions in this motley world of ours, have found the charms of the scenic art an overmatch for all their forecast and prudence in the disposal of their children: but the parents of Warren were too wise to fret themselves, and too fond of their son to worry him on account of a choice which, though it might be a partial disappointment of their views, seemed necessary to his happiness. When, therefore, at an early age, he repudiated the bench, with the intent to form a union for life with the stage, they neither attempted to counteract his purpose, nor insulted him for his choice; on the contrary, with a share of good sense and generous affection which does them the more honour, because it is so seldom found among men, they contributed to help him, supplying him from their own funds in the many pecuniary distresses to which the profession he adopted has, at all times, been more than any other exposed.

Warren imbibed his first passion for the stage, as many others had done before him, from the habit of loitering about the play-house in company with other boys of his age. During the representations at Bath which are frequent and excellent, he and his companions omitted no opportunity of attending the theatre; and, from witnessing the performance of the actors, they soon became inflamed with the ambition to act a play themselves. After many consultations and discussions in which the merits of several plays, and the practicability of acting them, were canvassed, they fixed upon Julius Cæsar. Having duly calculated their pecuniary means for equipping themselves for the representation, and formed a

plan proportioned to their resources, they hired a room that answered their purpose; where, instigated by their ruling passion, and not having the fear of criticism before their eyes, they murdered poor Julius in the capitol. Warren personated the *spare* CASSIUS, for which, robust as he has been since, he was at that time, in one respect at least, admirably formed, being very lank and slender; at that age “he was not an eagle’s talon in the waist. He could have crept through an alderman’s thumb ring: but a plague of sighing and grieving, it puffs a man up like a bladder.”* Applause was lavished by the spectators on our young actors: but since ill nature itself could scarcely refuse its tribute upon such an occasion, it does not follow that the performance was excellent, because the audience was pleased.—The reception which the boys met with, however, served to convince them of that which they were before sufficiently disposed to believe, namely, that they were very good actors; and from this persuasion the transition was short to another, that if they could act so well on one stage, they might surely do so on another. The question, indeed, was obvious and natural enough for wiser persons than they could have been—“If we can please a roomful of spectators, what should hinder us from pleasing a house-full?” In a word, their young brains were so inflamed with the histriomania, that they resolved to make a public experiment as soon as an occasion should offer. Three of them actually went upon the stage some time after, but of the three Warren only remained on it: the other two having soon abandoned it, partly on account of incapacity and partly discouraged by the poverty, privations and hardships they encountered. Warren felt so confident of

* The words of Sir John Falstaff, a character in which Warren excels.

success, that he resolved to take advantage of the first opportunity that should present itself of applying for admission into some of those itinerant companies of players who travel up and down acting plays through all parts of England.

He was not yet seventeen years of age when the opportunity for which he so ardently panted fell in his way. At a town called Chippenham, thirteen miles from Bath, on the London road, a company was collected, under the direction of one of those who, by the courtesy of their own profession, are styled "Country Managers;" but by sneering licentiousness of the vulgar and illiberal are denominated Strollers. Our Chippenham manager was one who contrived to render himself, during his life time, rather notorious than conspicuous by his conduct to his actors, and was the same who has, since his death, been gibbeted up to execration by Riley in that curious medley of fact, borrowed anecdote, and invented incident, called "The Itinerant." The name of this extraordinary character, whom Riley has skewered, spitted and roasted with such address under the name of Riggs, was *Biggs*, and he was the father of a brood of historians, three of whom were at that time performing in his company, to wit, James, a tolerable low comedian; Binny (we suppose Albina) now Mrs. Grove; and Anne, who first, as Miss Biggs, and now as Mrs. Young, has for several years been one of the prime favourites of the London audience, and is unquestionably a conspicuous ornament to the stage.

There being no newspaper published at Chippenham, Biggs advertised his performances in the Bath papers; some of which falling into the hands of Warren and his associates, they formed the resolution of setting off for Chippenham and offering themselves to the manager. They did so. Warren

being desired by Biggs to give him a specimen of his qualifications, spoke one of the speeches of young Norval, to which the other having listened very attentively, declared it to be admirable; and expressed the most perfect satisfaction not only at the delivery but the action of our youngster. "I should have had no great cause to plume myself upon his approbation," said Warren, "if I had then known as much as I did afterwards; for Biggs knew no more whether I was right or wrong than the meanest candle-snuffer in his employment." Whatever foundation there was for Biggs's favourable opinion, it had at least the happy effect of procuring our youth a welcome reception into the company; and might have been also, in some respect, an inducement with Biggs to receive on trial Warren's companions, who were not equally entitled to approbation.

The night for taking his more awful trial before the tribunal of the public being appointed, Warren appeared, for the first time in his life on a public stage, in the character of young Norval. One of his companions of the name of Smith was put forward at the same time in the character of Glenalvon. Smith completely failed—but Warren succeeded far beyond his own expectations; and Biggs was not only highly pleased with his new acquisition, but extremely proud of his own sagacity and penetration in discovering so soon the young man's talents. Had our young adventurer received such warm testimonials of satisfaction from a judicious critical audience, he would have had just cause to exult; the plaudits bestowed upon him being loud, frequent, and repeated from the first to the last. But "to tell the truth," says he, "I have often since been astonished at the obtuseness of faculties of our small country town audiences in England and have wondered not only how

they could enjoy and applaud, but how they could endure such wretched performers and performances as they frequently have served up to them."

Before we go farther it may be as well to bring the reader a little acquainted with this Mr. Biggs, or Riggs as Riley calls him. Biggs in person, face, intellect and education was perhaps less fitted for the profession of a player than any man that ever stepped upon a stage. He was broad, fat and unwieldy.—His large face, fleshy, bloated, circular, unmarked by muscle, and destitute of shade, because utterly colorless; was naturally incapable of any expression but that of gluttony, or stupid phlegm: if it could be said to display an outward sign of any inward emotion, it was that of purse-proud exultation, or occasionally of anger. The gifts of nature to this pretty child of hers were highly improved for the profession by accident and habit,—for by the former he was crippled and had a bowed iron supplement to one of his legs; and by the latter he had acquired the most absurd and ridiculous deportment and gesticulation imaginable. Nor did this curious assemblage of personal beauties want any advantage it could derive from dress, which generally looked as if it had been culled, article by article, with the most scrupulous regard to the setting off such a person, from the best wardrobe of a theatre. Such a ludicrous composition of old and new fashions, of grave and gay, of lawdry finery and beastly slovenliness, has seldom been seen out of the farcery of the stage. The prevailing characteristic of it, however, was faded frippery. In a shabby scarlet waistcoat, bound with shabby gold lace, was that secular of "victuals crude and carnal," his paunch, enveloped.—The color of his coat was generally one of those bright kinds which the vulgar choose for finery sake—

such as powder blue, pea green, or flashy dabs of that sort; and as those soon fade, and he wore them to the last shred, for nine tenths of his time at least, his coat was shabby. A large tie wig, with enormous curls, embellished his face, which, streaming at every pore, was commonly besprent with moisture, so that it shone as if it had been recently washed with oil.—When these exhalations were so copious as to trickle down his forehead, his hand was often the succedaneum for a handkerchief; and with his fore finger, he scraped rather than wiped it away. To cap the edifice, he wore a round hat small enough for a boy of sixteen.

The language of the man was worthy of such a person. It was a compound of all the vulgar slang which separately distinguish Wapping, St. Giles's and the jails, mixed up with the cant of the stroller's green room; and it seemed as if Mesdames Slipslop and Malaprop were the models on which he had formed his style. Of this Riley has given several specimens in his Itinerant; but Warren thinks the description rather exaggerated. That the fellow was very ignorant he owns, but not so extremely ignorant as Riley has described him.

To finish the picture: this disgusting mass of worthlessness was vain beyond all example, and particularly boastful of his wealth, upon all occasions pulling out his purse and displaying his guineas, or as he was wont to call them his "goldfinches," his "singing birds."

Biggs had neither a regular established theatre, nor a permanent company; but having got possession of movable theatrical property to a considerable amount, that is to say, of scenery, decorations, library, music, and wardrobe, and having some money in hand, he contrived to collect about him a company of players, of one sort or other, with which he moved up and down the country, stopping at such

towns as had no established theatre or stationary company, and there performing plays as long as he could draw money enough to pay the expense of performing. If the place in which he intended to play, happened to be an assises town, he applied to the magistrate for a grant of the session house to act in; if not, he got into some public assembly room, or, if there were none, he contented himself with the most spacious apartment he could hire, which he fitted up and decorated rather handsomely. Tho' rapacious to excess, he was purse-proud and vain, and had the ambition to be thought splendid in the decoration of his theatre. At Chippenham he had the town-hall fitted up very neatly. The jury box serving for a gallery.

With most of the fraternity of country managers, the performers generally play upon shares: a system which gives the former a grievous advantage over those who are condemned to serve under them, leaving the unfortunate sufferers almost entirely at the mercy of the principal for their quota of the profits. If the manager be honest, the players come in for their just right and no more; but if, on the other hand, he be a knave, they are sure to be fleeced. And although, among those travelling managers, there are not wanting men who would reflect credit on a much higher station, and who treat their actors with justice and even generosity and fatherly kindness, it is to be feared that the majority are of a very different description. The celebrated James Whiteley, mentioned in the biography of Hodgkinson, is said to have been one of the former: of the latter, this Biggs was a memorable instance. Indeed the means by which they have it in their power to speculate upon their company, (tho' not without suspicion, at least without open discovery,) are so many and so very practicable, that

it requires more virtue than men of loose lives in general possess, to resist the temptation. The expenditures and receipts being entirely in their hands, they can swell the account they render of the one, and diminish that of the other, without incurring the least risk of positive detection, and during this process the poor actor undergoes every species of distress.

Biggs was not only one of those harpies, but was in all likelihood the very worst of them. At the time Warren joined his company, he had no less than nine shares on the following accounts: for his three children one share each, (as this they were justly entitled, being good performers); for dead shares as they are called, that is, scenery wardrobe, &c. four; for himself a share; and a share for his wife. These two last were palpable impositions; because so far from being useful as actors, they were downright nuisances on the stage. But this was not all. Biggs pretended to scrape the fiddle, and some nights set himself down half a crown for his assistance in the orchestra.

Besides all this, he bought every thing for the performances, and charged what he pleased for it, and he received in person the money at the door, and rendered what account of the sum he thought proper. Thus he contrived so to manage it that the shares of the actors might, without much exaggeration, be compared to those which the Lion in the fable allowed to his subject beasts, who hunted down the prey for him. It is to practical men of this kind, and not to the difference of the people of England to theatrical exhibitions, the distresses of itinerant actors, for ages proverbial, are to be ascribed. It is this, which drives so many of them to humiliating and often disreputable expedients for the support of life; and subjects the whole body, on their account, to the con-

tempt and derision of a stupid, ignorant and unfeeling population. Among those victims of managerial fraud and cunning, there are many men of genius, sterling worth and exalted sentiment, who for years, nay some for their whole lives, languish in penury, and in circumstances the most afflicting; not in obscurity, for in their situation obscurity were comparative comfort, but invisible, broad daylight humiliation—in elevated misery;—as actors, for their hour admired and applauded on the stage;—as men, contemned and neglected, because in distress.

But, to return to our subject.—Elated to rapture with the applause he had received in young Norval, our young candidate for fame returned to Bath; where, having informed his father and mother of the step he had taken, and the success he had met with, and thereby smoothed the reluctant brow of parental authority, he applied himself with unremitted earnestness and industry to the study of some characters in which he hoped soon to establish still higher claims to the applause of the public; being determined to make as soon as possible another attempt, and to plant his foot firmly and permanently upon the stage. He had not been long engaged thus, when he was interrupted by Biggs, who unexpectedly arrived at Bath and desired to see him.

By his rapacity and inhuman extortion Biggs had so entirely alienated the hearts of the actors, that he was often obliged to shut up his theatre for want of assistants.—Considering the nature of the man, it is not a little extraordinary that any actor who knew his character should enter into his employment at all; or that those who were ignorantly surprised into it should remain with him many weeks.—Besides, exclusive of his conduct to them, travelling actors are considered as having a strong propen-

sity to wandering, to novelty of situation and change of place, which they indulge often to the great detriment of their professional character and pecuniary interest—This propensity is first engendered by the despotism of the mimic monarchs they serve, and the distresses in which it involves them; for who is he that in misery does not hope to obtain relief by change of place? To this impulse from distress, the sagacious Horace remarks, that even the dull phlegmatic merchant himself is not insensible.

*Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos
Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per
ignes.*

How then should that mercurial, sublimated being, an actor, be expected to rest motionless while buffeted by tyranny, or patiently to sojourn with poverty and contempt? Beside, while they are thus impelled forward by motives so very urgent, they are but little retarded in their migrations by incumbrance or impediment. Like soldiers, they are in general ready for a march, on short notice—they are rarely incumbered with heavy baggage,—and if they have not cash to spare for a seat in the inside of a stage coach or on the out, they can at all times resort to the pad which Bishop Jewell gave to the immortal Hooker to help him on his journey—a stick; and being used to “trip it on the light fantastic toe,” and moreover pretty generally in good hunting condition they walk with surprising alacrity and ease. He must be but a poor fainthearted creature who cannot extract some consolation even from sorrow, and force misery itself to furnish him with mirth. The itinerant players have in their composition, or their habits, much of that lighthearted philosophy; and, joking upon their distresses and their penchant for migration, have got

in use a pleasant, consolatory sort of proverb:

"Shoes well soled,
"A shilling in the pocket,
and
"A fig for the managers."

It was but a very short time after Warren's return to the house of his father at Bath, that Biggs once again was left in the lurch by his company, who deserted him *en corps*. Finding himself disabled from opening his theatre until he could procure a new *suite* of performers, he resolved to try his fortune among those who had not yet experienced the misery of dealing with him; and among the rest fixed upon Warren, who not only had talents to be useful, but had not yet felt the effects of his extortion or insolence. The terms he proposed were deemed fair and reasonable. Warren had not yet got an insight into the ways and means of country managers, and, being impatient to enter fully into the career of his intended profession, readily swallowed the gilded bait held out to him by Biggs. He engaged on shares with him, returned to Chippenham, and appeared there, for the second time on any stage, in the character of Don Carlos, in the *Revenge*. The next play Biggs got up was the *West Indian*, in which, to Warren's surprise and mortification, he was appointed to the character of Stockwell. Well, indeed, might he be mortified to be put at his time of life, being little more than seventeen years of age, into a character so grave and elderly. What made it more irksome to him was that his supposed son, Belcour, was performed by a coarse person, many years elder than himself, who was, in no one respect, fit for the part; his voice being exactly adapted to the office of a boatswain of a man of war, and his manner and deportment scarcely less so. This man, whose real name was Haymes, but who

went by that of Kerridge, had been a coachmaker at Exeter, and took it into his head to abandon his trade in order to follow the fortunes of a strolling company. It is proper here to remark, that this was not Thomas Haymes, who was at one time the hero of Exeter, and failed in an attempt to play Belcour at Drury Lane. Such as he was, however, Biggs put Warren into old Mr. Stockwell, in order to enable Haymes to murder Belcour. Nor was this the whole amount of our youth's cause for mortification: he was obliged to go on in Stockwell, dressed in a large white bushy wig, and a suit of clothes which, being made for a stout, fat, punchy fellow, hung about him, who, as we have before remarked, was very slender, "like an old lady's loose gown," and must have made him look very ridiculous. He himself candidly says, that the whole play, and indeed all their exhibitions, were so extremely contemptible that he never thinks of them without wondering how any rational being could sit to see them out.

Finding that Warren had a good memory, a disposition to industry and diligent study, and an easy temper, Biggs imposed upon him shamefully, and gave him every long character to perform; and as the players were continually leaving the company, made him a versatile back in all kinds of characters as it suited the needy purposes of his theatre. Hence it fell out, that, in no very long period of time Warren had performed almost every character in play and farce; frequently doubling, as they call it, that is to say, playing two parts in the play—nay sometimes three, and afterwards performing at least one part in the afterpiece. For all this his receipts scarcely amounted to a very spare subsistence; rarely more than four shillings a week. He, in conjunction with another player of the name of Stannard, had a benefit, which produced the

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largest sum he had yet touched as a player—the receipts of the house over and above the expenses, amounting to thirty shillings, or about three dollars and a half a piece. The gentlemen of Chippenham, taking into consideration the distressed circumstances of the actors, laid a little plan for their relief, and performed two nights for them, admitting no part of the company but the actresses to play along with them. This generous scheme was successful; the profits, when fairly shared, gave about four and twenty shillings to each, with which, and the little cash he had brought from home, Warren was able to pay his way and get through the season.

Those who live in plenty, and have not known experimentally what it is to endure severe privations, will wonder how men qualified by education for the stage, and of course nurtured in comfort, could exist under such galling distress. There are few that know Warren who will not be surprised how he contrived to make out life upon the miserable pittance arising from his labours, or how for such a pittance he would work so hard. “I am convinced” says he, speaking on this subject, “that in the whole time I was with Biggs, I did not receive upon an average, more than four shillings a week. My mother, to be sure, occasionally assisted, or I could not have got on; and, as it was, my wants were great: yet I do not know that I have ever been much happier. I was blessed with a strong constitution, excellent animal spirits, and a natural disposition to contentment; and these I never impaired by intemperance.”

[To be continued.]

CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC.

*Inaccurate and interesting Account
of the Hardships and Sufferings*

of that Band of Heroes, who traversed the Wilderness in the Campaign against Quebec, in 1775. By John Joseph Henry, Esq. late President of the second judicial district of Pennsylvania.

THIS interesting little volume embraces a period of our revolutionary history which has been hitherto but little known, although the most interesting of any. The name of Montgomery is familiar to every ear, while the fate of his brave comrades in adversity has been passed over with unmerited neglect. The present author does not aspire to classical elegance. He writes like a man whose mind is intent upon his subject, and who is not particularly nice in the selection of his words. Having participated in the hardships and perils of that campaign, his descriptions of the sufferings of his countrymen possess a vigour and freshness seldom found in the pages of those who have not been actors in the scenes which they delineate.

The author and his little party ascended the river Kennebeck, in a long and fatiguing march through a cold and inhospitable country, and after enduring and surmounting every danger and hardship, the terrified Canadians beheld them emerging from the wilderness. That victory which they fondly anticipated as the reward of all their labours, fled from their standard; chains and captivity awaited them. From the grates of their dungeon they beheld their beloved commander, Montgomery, borne to the grave, and the dead and frozen bodies of their comrades who perished with him, piled one upon another transported to the place of interment.

One remark involuntarily obtrudes itself. Had this spirit of patriotism and of daring adventure been taken at its height, and discip-

lined for service during the war, the contest would, in all human probability, have been short, decisive, and glorious, to the arms of America.

The extremity of the sufferings of the author and his comrades for want of provision when sent to explore the course of the river Chaudiere, we will give in his own simple and affecting language.

October 9th.—We arose before day. The canoes were urged suddenly into the water. It still rained hard, and at day light we tho't of breakfasting. Gracious God! what was our fare? What could we produce for such a feast? Rum-maging my breeches pockets, I found a solitary biscuit and an inch of pork. Half of the biscuit was devoted to the breakfast, and so also by each person, and that was consumed in the canoes as we paddled over the lake. The rain had raised the lake, and, consequently, the outlets about four feet. We slided glibly along, over passages, where a few days previously, we had toated our canoes. At the outlet of the fourth lake, counting as we came up, a small duck appeared within shooting distance. It was a *diver*, well known in our country—a thing which we here contemn. Knowing the value of animal food in our predicament, several of us fired at the *diver*: Jesse Wheeler, however, (who all acknowledged as an excellent shot) struck it with his ball. A shout of joy arose; the little diver was safely deposited in our canoe. We went on quickly, without accident, till the evening; probably traversing a space of more than forty miles. At night-fall, we halted, weary and without tasting food since morning. Boyd and Cunningham, who were right hand men on most occasions, soon kindled a fire against a fallen tree. An occurrence this evening took place, which, my dear children, you will hardly credit, but which (permit me to assure you) is

sacredly true. The company sat themselves gloomily around this fire. The cooks, according to routine, (whether our chief or others) picked the duck, and when picked and gutted, it was brought to the fireside. Here it became a question, how to make the most of our stock of provisions. Finally it was concluded to boil the duck in our camp-kettle, together with each man's bit of pork, distinctively marked by running a small skewer of wood through it, with his particular and private designation. That the broth thus formed, should be the supper, and the duck on the ensuing morning, should be the breakfast, and which should be distributed by "whose shall this be." Strange as this tale may appear to you, in these times, the agreement was religiously performed. Being young, my appetite was ravenous, as that of a wolf, but honour bound the stomach tightly.

On returning to their friends, the following providential escape is mentioned:

23d.—When morning came, the river presented a most frightful aspect: it had risen at least eight feet, and flowed with terrifying rapidity. None but the most strong and active boatmen entered the boats. The army marched on the south side of the river, making large circuits to avoid the overflowings of the intervale or bottom lands. This was one of the most fatiguing marches we had as yet performed, though the distance was not great in a direct line. But having no path and being necessitated to climb the steepest hills, and that without food, for we took none with us, thinking the boats would be near us all day. In the evening we arrived at the Fall-of-four-feet, which was mentioned when ascending the river. Alas! all the boats of the army were on the opposite side of the river. The pitch of the fall

made a dreadful noise, and the current ran with immense velocity. We sat down on the bank sorely pinched by hunger, looking wishfully towards our friends beyond the torrent, who were in possession of all the provisions, tents, and camp equipage. Convinced however, that the most adventurous boatman would not dare the passage, for the sake of accommodating any of us. We were mistaken. There were two men, and only two who had skill and courage to dare it. Need Lieutenant Simpson, on an occasion like this, be named; he, accompanied by John Tidd, entered his empty boat. What skill in boatmanship! what aptitude with the paddle was here exhibited! The principal body of the water run over the middle of the fall, and created a foaming and impetuous torrent, in some measure resembling, at this particular time, of a very high freshet, that of the Oswego-falls, which had been known to me ere this. The river was about 150, or 200 yards in breadth, counting on the increase of the water by the rains. The force of the central current, naturally formed considerable eddies at each side of the river, close under the pitch. Simpson now disclosed his amazing skill. Though there was an eddy, even that was frightful, he came by its mean nearly under the pitch, and trying to obtain an exact start, failed. The stream forced his boat down the river, but he recovered and brought it up. Now we, who were trembling for the fate of our friend, and anxious for our own accommodation, began to fear he might be drawn under the pitch. Quick, almost in a moment, Simpson was with us. He called in his loud voice to Robert Dixon, James Old (a messmate) and myself to enter the boat—We entered immediately. He pushed off; attempting the start by favour of the hither eddy, which was the main thing—we failed. Returning to the shore,

we were assailed by a numerous band of soldiers, hungry, and anxious to be with their companions. Simpson told them he could not carry more with safety, and would return for them. Henry M'Annaly, a tall Irishman, who could not from experience comprehend the danger, jumped into the boat; he was followed by three or four other inconsiderate men. The countenance of Simpson changed; his soul and mine were intimate: "O God," said he, "men we shall all die." They would not recede. Again we approached the pitch; it was horrible. The batteaux swam deep, almost ungovernable by the paddle. Attempting again to essay the departure—we failed. The third trial was made—it succeeded. As lightning we darted athwart the river. Simpson with his paddle, governed the stern. The worthy Tidd in the bow. Dixon and myself, our guns stuck in the railing of the batteaux, but without paddles, sat in the stern next to Simpson. Mr. Old was in the bow near Tidd. Henry M'Annaly was adjoining Mr. Old. The other men sat between the stern and bow. Simpson called to the men in the bow, to lay hold of the birch bushes—the boat struck the shore forcibly: they caught hold, M'Annaly in particular, (this was in the tail of the eddy) but like children, their holds slipped, at the only spot where we could have been saved; for the boat had been judiciously and safely brought up. Letting go their holds the bow came round to the stream, and the stern struck the shore. Simpson, Dixon, and myself, now caught the bushes, but being by this time thrown into the current, the strength of the water made the withes, as so many straws in our hands. The stern again swung round; the bow came again shore. Mr. Old, Tidd and M'Annaly, and the rest, sprung to the land to save their lives. Doing this, at our cost, their heels forced the boat a-

cross the current. Though we attempted to steady it, the boat swagged. In a moment after, at thirty feet off shore, it being broad side to the current, tared; borne under, in spite of all our force, by the fury of the stream. The boat upsetting, an expression, at going into the water, fell from me, "Simpson, we are going to Heaven." My fall was head-foremost. Simpson came after me—his heels, at the depth of 15 feet or more, were upon my head and neck; and those grinding on the gravel. We rose nearly together, your father first—my friend followed. The art of swimming, in which, I thought myself an adept, was tried, but it was a topsy-turvy business. The force of the water threw me often heels-over-head.

In the course of this voyage, after a few hundred yards, Simpson was at my side, but the force of the stream, prevented the exertion of swimming; yet the impetuosity of the current, kept us up. It drove us towards the other side of the river, against a long ridge of perpendicular rocks, of great extent: Luckily in the course of some hundred yards, the current changed, and brought us per force to the north side of the river. Floating along with my head just above water—prayers in sincere penitence having been uttered, a boat's crew of the eastern men, handed me a pole. It was griped as by the hand of death—but griped the pole remained to me. The strength of the water was such, that the boat would inevitably have upset, if the boatman had kept his hold. A glance of the eye informed me, that my companion in misfortune, had shared the same fate. Resigned into the bosom of my Saviour, my eyes became closed; the death appeared to me, a hard one; sensibility in a great degree forsook me. Driving with the current some hundred of yards more, the most palpable feeling recollected, was the

striking of my breast against a root or hard substance. My head came above water. Breathing ensued; at the same moment Simpson raised his head out of the water, his gold laced hat on it, crying, "Oh!" neither of us could have crept out: we should have there died; but for the assistance of Edw. Cavanaugh, an Irishman, an excellent soldier, who was designated in the company by the appellation of "Honest Ned." Passing from the lower part of the river, he happened to come to the eddy, at the instant of time my breast struck. He cried out "Lord Johnny! is this you?" and instantly dragged me out of the water. Simpson immediately appearing, he did him the same good office. Lying on the earth perhaps twenty minutes, the water pouring from me, a messenger from the camp came to rouse us. Roused, we went to it. But all eyes looked out for Dixon, all hearts were wailing for his loss. It was known he could not swim, but none of us could recollect whether he had dropped into the water or had adhered to the boat. In some time we had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing Dixon in our company. He had stuck to the side of the boat, which lodged on a vast pile of drift-wood some miles below, and in this way he was saved.

After the defeat of our little army and the captivity of the author and his comrades, a plot was laid to escape from their imprisonment in which the acquisition of powder was an indispensable preliminary. The question was how this should be obtained without exciting the suspicion of the guard. It was procured by the following ingenious device:

Our next solicitude was the acquisition of powder. This article

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could be obtained but by sheer address and shrewd management. But we had to do with men who were not of the military cast. We began first to enter into familiarity with the sentries, joking with them and pretending to learn French from them. The guards usually of Canadians, consisted of many old men, and young boys, who were very "coming." A few small gun-carriages were constructed, not more than six inches in length, and mounted with cannon, or howitzers, which were made of many folds of paper, and were bound tightly around with thread. These were shown to the sentries from time to time, and a little powder was requested, with which to charge them. Our births formed an angle of the room. The upper births, as well as the lower, had a ledge of several inches in height, in which embrasures were formed with the knife. Two parties were raised in opposition to each other, each of which took possession of one side of the angle. The blaze and report, which was nearly as great and as loud as that of small pistols, created much laughter and merriment. This sport, the child of seeming folly, served us as a pretence and justification for soliciting powder. The apparent joy prevailing among us, pleased the Canadians both old and young, and did not alarm the government. We obtained many cartridges in the course of a few weeks, two-thirds of which came to the hands of Aston and his corps, for the purpose of manufacturing matches, &c. &c. Fire arms of any kind, could not, by any finesse, be procured. The commerce of cartridges, accompanied by a suavity and deference of manners, towards our young friends, procured us many quarters of pounds of powder, which they bought secretly out of funds, some of which were procured in a ludicrous way. We had many sick in the hospital, for when any one appeared to be disor-

dered in the least degree, he was hurried to the infirmary, when cured, he was returned to us. Some of the men, went so far as to feign sickness, to get to that place, where they lived in a more sumptuous style than that of the jail. The frequent removals caused the propagation of a report that the prison was unhealthy. Many pious matrons, came to see us, and never empty handed. Some elderly nuns of respectable families, were of the number, and generally brought money, truly not great in quantity, but not the less acceptable to the sick and convalescent, as these alms procured them some slight comforts, such as tea, &c. These were the religious and humane collections of the sisterhood, and mostly consisted of the smallest change. There was a beautiful countenanced youth, Thomas Gibson, first sergeant of Hendricks, who had studied physic at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, allied to me by affinity, who had, probably from a knowledge he had of his profession, sustained his health hitherto; his cheeks were blooming as roses. He was one of the council. As young men, we cared little about the means, so that we obtained the end, which was powder. We lived above stairs, and never shared in the gratuities of the ladies, which were rapaciously awaited at the entrance of the prison. Gibson and myself, were standing at a window near the great door, and opposite to M'Coy's room, a neat little box, which had been knocked up for his purposes. Looking into the street, a lady with a thick veil, was observed to take the path through the snow to our habitation. "Zounds Gibson, there's a nun," was scarcely expressed, before he was hurried into M'Coy's apartment and put to bed, though dressed. Several of us waited respectfully at the door, till the officer of the guard unlocked it. The nun entered—she seemed, from her manners, to be genteel

and respectable. We were most sedulous in our attentions to the lady, and so prevailed, as to induce her to come into M'Coy's room.— Here lay Gibson, covered to the chin with the bed-clothes, nothing exposed but his beautiful hair and red cheeks, the latter indicating a high fever. It was well the lady was no physician. The nun crossing herself, and whispering a paternoster, poured the contents of her little purse into the hand of the patient, which he held gently, without the blanketing, and left us.— What should the donation be, but twenty-four coppers, equal at that time to two shillings of our money. The latter circumstance added much to the humour, and extreme merriment of the transaction.— This money was solely appropriated for powder.

The following particulars with regard to the death of Montgomery will be found interesting:

General Montgomey had marched at the precise time stipulated, and had arrived at his destined place of attack, nearly about the time we attacked the first barrier. He was not one that would loiter, Colonel Campbell,* of the New-York troops, a large, good-looking man, who was second in command of that party, and was deemed a veteran, accompanied the army to the assault, his station was rearward; general Montgomery, with his aids, were at the point of the column.

It is impossible to give you a fair and complete idea, of the nature and situation, of the place solely with the pen—the pencil is requir-

* This was not my friend Col. Thomas Campbell of York, Penn. He was fighting the battles of our country at Boston.

ed. As by the special permission of government, obtained by the good offices of captain Prentis, in the summer following, Boyd, a few others, and myself, reviewed the cause of our disaster; it is therefore in my power, so far as my abilities will permit, to give you a tolerable notion of the spot. Cape Diamond nearly resembles the great jutting rock, which is in the narrows of Hunter's falls, on the Susquehanna. The rock, at the latter place, shoots out as steeply as that at Quebec, but by no means forms so great an angle, on the margin of the river; but is more craggy.— There is a stronger and more obvious difference in the comparison. When you surmount the hill at St. Charles, or the St. Lawrence side, which, to the eye are equally high and steep, you find yourself on Abraham's Plains, and upon an extensive champaign country. The bird's-eye view round Quebec, bears a striking conformity to the sites of Northumberland and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania; but the former is on a more gigantic scale, and each of the latter wants the steepness and craginess of the back ground, and a depth of rivers. This detail is to instruct you in the geographical situation of Quebec, and for the sole purpose of explaining the manner of general Montgomery's death, and the reasons of our failure. From Wolf's cove, there is a good beach, down to, and around "Cape Diamond." The bulwarks of the city, came to the edge of the hill, above that place. Thence down the side of a precipice, slantingly to the brink of the river, there was a stockade of strong posts, fifteen or twenty feet high, knit together by a stout railing, at bottom and top with pins. This was no mean defence, and was at

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the distance of one hundred yards, from the point of the rock. Within this palisade, and at a few yards from the very point itself, there was a like palisade, though it did not run so high up the hill. Again within Cape Diamond, and probably at a distance of fifty yards, there stood a block-house, which seemed to take up the space, between the foot of the hill, and the precipitous bank of the river, leaving a cart way, or passage on each side of it. When heights and distances are spoken of, you must recollect, that the description of Cape Diamond and its vicinity, is merely that of the eye, made as it were running, under the inspection of an officer. The review of the ground our army had acted upon, was accorded us, as a particular favour. Even to have stepped the spaces in a formal manner, would have been dishonorable, if not a species of treason. A block-house, if well constructed, is an admirable method of defence, which in the process of the war, to our cost, was fully experienced. In the instance now before us (though the house was not built upon the most approved principles) yet it was a formidable object. It was a square of perhaps forty or fifty feet. The large logs neatly squared, were tightly bound together, by dove-tail work. If I am not much mistaken, the lower story contained loop-holes for musketry, so narrow, that those within, could not be harmed from without. The upper story had four or more port holes, for cannon of a large calibre. These guns were charged with grape or cannister shot, and were pointed with exactness towards the avenue, at Cape Diamond. The hero Montgomery came. The drowsy or drunken guard, did not hear the sawing of the posts of the first palisade. Here, if not very erroneous, four posts were sawed and thrown aside, so as to admit four men abreast. The column entered with a manly forti-

tude. Montgomery, accompanied by his aids, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, advanced in front. Arriving at the second palisade, the general, with *his own hands*, sawed down two of the pickets, in such a manner, as to admit two men abreast. These sawed pickets, were close under the hill, and but a few yards from the very point of the rock, out of the view and fire of the enemy, from the block-house. Until our troops advanced to the point, no harm could ensue, but by stones thrown from above. Even now, there had been but an imperfect discovery of the advancing of an enemy, and that only by the intoxicated guard. The guard fled, the general advanced a few paces. A drunken sailor returned to his gun, swearing he would not forsake it while undischarged. This fact is related from the testimony of the guard on the morning of our capture, some of those sailors being our guard. Applying the match, this single discharge, deprived us of our excellent commander.

Examining the spot, the officer who escorted us, professing to be one of those, who first came to the place, after the death of the general, showed the position in which the general's body was found. It lay two paces from the brink of the river, on the back, the arms extended—Cheeseman lay on the left, and M'Pherson on the right, in a triangular position. Two other brave men lay near them. The ground above described, was visited by an inquisitive eye, so that you may rely with some implicitness, on the truth of the picture. As all danger from without had vanished, the government had not only permitted the mutilated palisades to remain, without renewing the enclosure, but the very sticks, sawed by the hand of our commander, still lay strewed about the spot.

Colonel Campbell, appalled by the death of the general, retreated a little way from Cape Diamond,

out of the reach of the cannon of the block-house, & pretendedly called a council of officers, who, it was said, justified his receding from the attack. If rushing on, as military duty required, and a brave man would have done, the block-house might have been occupied by a small number, and was unassailable from without, but by cannon. From the block-house to the centre of the lower town, where we were, there was no obstacle to impede a force so powerful, as that under colonel Campbell.

Cowardice, or a want of good will towards our cause, left us to our miserable fate. A junction, though we might not conquer the fortress, would enable us to make an honorable retreat, though with the loss of many valuable lives. Campbell, who was ever after considered as a poltroon in grain, retreated, leaving the bodies of the general, M'Pherson and Cheeseman, to be devoured by the dogs. The disgust caused among us, as to Campbell, was so great as to create the unchristian wish, that he might be hanged. In that desultory period, though he was tried, he was acquitted: that was also the case of colonel Enos, who deserted us on the Kennebec. There never were two men more worthy of punishment of the most exemplary kind.

It was on this day, that my heart was ready to burst with grief, at viewing the funeral of our beloved general. Carleton had, in our former wars with the French, been the friend and fellow-soldier of Montgomery. Though political opinion, perhaps ambition or interest, had thrown these worthies, on different sides of the great question, yet the former could not but honor the remains of his quondam friend. About noon, the procession passed our quarters. It was most solemn. The coffin covered with a pall, surmounted by transverse swords—was borne by men. The regular troops, particularly

that fine body of men, the seventh regiment, with reversed arms, and scarfs on the left elbow, accompanied the corpse to the grave. The funerals of the other officers, both friends and enemies, were performed this day. From many of us it drew tears of affection for the defunct, and speaking for myself, tears of greeting and thankfulness, towards general Carleton. The soldiery & inhabitants, appeared affected by the loss of this invaluable man, though he was their enemy. If such men as Washington, Carleton and Montgomery, had had the entire direction of the adverse war, the contention, in the event, might have happily terminated to the advantage of both sections of the nation. M'Pherson, Cheeseman, Hendricks and Humphreys were all dignified by the manner of the burial.

On the same, or the following day, we were compelled (if we would look) to a more disgusting and torturing sight. Many carioles, repeatedly one after the other passed our dwelling loaded with the dead, whether of the assailants or of the garrison, to a place emphatically called the 'dead-house.' Here the bodies were heaped in monstrous piles. The horror of the sight, to us southern men, principally consisted in seeing our companions borne to interment uncoffined, and in the very clothes they had worn in battle; their limbs distorted in various directions, such as would ensue in the moment of death. Many of our friends and acquaintances were apparent. Poor Nelson lay on the top of half a dozen other bodies—his arms extended beyond his head, as if in the act of prayer, and one knee crooked and raised, seemingly, when he last gasped in the agonies of death. Curse on these evil wars which extinguish the sociabilities, and annihilate the strength of nations. A flood of tears was consequent. Though Montgomery was beloved, because of his manliness of soul,

heroic bravery, and suavity of manners; Hendricks and Humphreys, for the same admirable qualities, and especially the endurances we underwent in conjunction, which forced many a tear: still my unhappy and lost brethren, though in humble station, with whom that dreadful wild was penetrated, and from whom came many attentions towards me, forced melancholy sensations. From what is said relative to the 'dead-house,' you might conclude that general Carleton was inhumane or hard-hearted. No such thing. In this northern latitude, at this season of the year, according to my feelings (we had no thermometer) the weather was so cold, as usually to be many degrees below 0. A wound, if mortal, or even otherwise, casts the party wounded into the snow; if death should follow, it throws the sufferer into various attitudes, which are assumed in the extreme pain accompanying death. The moment death takes place, the frost fixes the limbs in whatever situation they may then be, and which cannot be reduced to decent order, until they are thawed. In this state the bodies of the slain are deposited in the 'dead-house,' hard as ice. At this season of the year, the earth is frozen from two to five feet deep, impenetrable to the best pick axe, in the hands of the stoutest man. Hence you may perceive a justification of the 'dead-house.' It is no new observation, that 'climates form the manners and habits of the people.'

We shall close by inserting the following extracts:

Of the treatment of Ethan Allen at the time spoken of, we knew nothing but from report, which we then thought well-grounded, and the truth of which, at this day, there is no reason to doubt. He was a man of much peculiarity of character.

Large, powerful of body, a most ferocious temper, fearing neither God nor man, of a most daring courage, and a pertinacity of disposition, which was unconquerable, and very astonishing in all his undertakings: withal he had the art of making himself beloved and revered by all his followers. When he was taken in the isle of Montreal, in 1775, the government found it necessary to confine him in a cage, as one would a wild beast, and thus aboard a ship he was transported to Quebec. What his treatment was during his voyage to England is unknown to me.

This, however, is known, that for many years, he was a prisoner in England. Returning from his captivity to America, he brought with him a manuscript, which he afterwards entitled "The Oracle of Reason." My beloved children, it is the furthest from my thoughts to confine your knowledge to narrow bounds; when you dip into the scriptural history, dip deep; do not skim the surface of the subject, as many fools have done of late days. Upon a thorough inquiry your hearts will be animated by a conviction that there came a Saviour to redeem you from eternal perdition, and to provide for you an eternal salvation and state of happiness.

That book was most certainly the composition of Ethan Allen. He was very illiterate; he did not know the orthography of our language. The extent of his learning probably bounded by some historic chronicles, and a few other books of little account, did not go beyond the scriptures. The gentleman who gave me the above information was an elegant scholar, bred at Harvard college. Going to New-York in the summer of 1785, a friend, from mere curiosity, requested me to purchase the book for him. Being detained at New York six weeks by business, I frequently looked into the detestable volume. The argument, if so diabolic a

saturated with wordy impotence and metaphorical bombast, we gladly sit down to more temperate diet, and although to plainer, by far more invigorating fare. The present volume, with all its provincialisms, is written with spirit and patriotic energy. We see a noble

character in plain and unostentatious apparel, who improves on acquaintance, and commands our respect in proportion as he becomes more familiar; a respect which the evident disparity between his language and his sentiments tends to confirm.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE NICHOLAS HARDINGE, ESQ. LATE CAPTAIN OF THE
SAN FIORENZO FRIGATE.

"A sire, contemplating the sculptured tomb,
Whose lettered scroll laments the hero's doom,
Sees in his youthful form his country's pride;
Reflects how *loved* he lived, how *glorious* died:
Then cries, "My sons! Such is the nation's claim,
Who falls like him, *soars* to immortal fame."

M.

IN considering the character of this young officer, it is very natural for the mind comparatively to recur to the contemplation of those heroes, ancient and modern, who have, as may be said, expired in the arms of victory, just at the moment when the charms of existence seemed to be expanded; therefore, in a conspicuous, though distant part of this historical canvass, we are inclined to view *Epaminondas* wounded in the *Eleian* field, at the very instant when his conquest of the *Spartans* was declared, surrounded by his weeping friends, and phoenix-like dying amidst a blaze of glory. Descending to more modern times, we behold, mentally pictured, the death of *Turenne*, and *Wolfe*, extended on the plain of *Abraham*, raising his head at the cry of victory, and as he sinks again into the arms of one of his brave soldiers, seeming to exclaim: "I thank God! I die contented!" Were it here necessary, we could record the names of many other British officers, naval and military, from the time of the decease of that conquering hero to the recent fall of general *Moore*, who have, in the same circumstances, gloriously expired; but this is by no means the case, as our

general lamentations for their loss have scarcely yet been repressed by our patriotick exultations, that, as in their lives, so in their deaths, they have rendered those names terrific to our enemies, because they are combined with circumstances which tend to immortalize the glory of their country.

This immortality with respect to individuals is, as we have hinted in the few lines that we have chosen for our motto, secured beyond the reach of fate. Their achievements are blazoned on the broad shield of publick virtue, and their characters consigned to the admiration of posterity.

In this elevated point of view is among his brave compatriots, placed the fame of that glorious youth, whose actions, and brief notices of birth, &c. are the subject of this short Memoir. Our general observations are excursive, but we conceive that the occasion elicited them; and if our domestick traits are slight, they certainly include, what, respecting him, is necessary to be known; the historical detail extracted from papers of authority, is more particular; and although in most instances extant, cannot, as an example, be too often repeated.

Respecting the paucity of our domestic traits of this gallant, persevering, and most able officer, we are not without hope that a more detailed account of him than we have at present in our power to give, may yet appear, replete with circumstances that may contribute still further to illustrate a character, which, we have the satisfaction to know, was as much admired by his friends, as the glory which his actions have displayed was exulted in by the publick. Under the impression of this hope, and waiting with ardent expectation for its fruition, we shall, as its precursors, lightly touch upon some of its prominent features.

George Nicholas Hardinge was the son of the rev. Henry Hardinge, now rector of Stanhope, in the county of Durham, who is the brother of George Hardinge, esq. chief justice of the Brecon circuit, and attorney-general to her majesty. He was born on the 11th of April, 1781, and fell on the 8th of March, 1808, before he had passed the 28th year of his age.*

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as an instance of the brevity of monumental inscriptions, less commendable than he seems to esteem it; and we have seldom had greater reason to do so, than in contemplating the character of this youthful hero, whose history certainly fills the space betwixt his birth and his death, in a manner, as has been observed, glorious to his memory, and illustrious to future ages.

W

which frequently exhibits itself in that impulse of the mind that urges to professional pursuits, and is correctly denominated *genius*; so this predilection of the mind of young Hardinge became obvious while he was at Eton school, and inclined him to a nautical life; which even then appeared so predominant, that it combated, and at length overbore, all opposition, and finally was crowned with success.

At the age of twelve years, he commenced his naval career, under the command of captain Charles Tyler (now rear admiral) whom he loved as a father is beloved by a son, whom he admired as an example, and respected as a man.

With this distinguished and excellent officer, our young adventurer sailed to *Corsica*, in the squadron under the command of lord Hood.

La Minerve, a forty gun frigate, captured and sunk, was by the exertions of captain Tyler weighed up, and, as a reward for those exertions, the command given to him. She acquired the name of *San Fiorenzo*. To that vessel our young midshipman was transferred—and in her, it is singular enough, he many years afterwards so gloriously finished his nautical career.

He returned home to England in 1798; but was in a few months called into service again, under his beloved captain on board the *Aigle*; was wrecked, and barely escaped with his life.

After this accident, he attracted the notice of lord St. Vincent; that notice was ripened into the most affectionate partiality, and was exercised in the kindest offices of encouragement.

He shifted him on board captain Miller, who perished at the siege of Acre; our hero was in the very ship at the moment of its explosion, and was just going to the cabin.

During this memorable siege, he commanded a gun-boat; was thanked by the leader of that brilliant

work can be said to contain argument, was in general arranged and conducted in the same manner as the "Age of Reason;" but in a coarser, and yet a more energetic language than that of the latter work. On my return to Philadelphia, in a conversation with the Vermontese gentleman, who was still there, "Ethan Allen's bible" became a topic of discourse. He gave me this curious anecdote, which he averred upon his honour to be true. A young gentleman, either a scholar of Harvard or Yale college, had come into Vermont, and there taught a school. Allen laboured under the want of an amanuensis and transcriber, of knowledge and learning. The scholar, to increase his emoluments, became such. Allen attended him daily, standing staff in hand, at the back of the young man's chair. 'Sir,' he would say to Allen, 'this word is misspelled.' 'Amend it.' Again 'this word is misplaced; the sense is incorrect,' &c. Allen, who was most profane, would swear, sometimes raising his staff, 'By G— sir, you shall insert it; you shall not alter it.' Thus the 'Oracle of Reason' came into the world, which of all books is the most bluntly vicious, as regards the well being of society, the salvation of souls, and the happiness of those who have faith in the redemption by the blood of our Saviour. But that which is very remarkable is, that long after the publication of Allen's book, which had fallen into oblivion, even with its readers, that vile reprobate, Thomas Paine, loaded with every crime which stains and dishonours the Christian and the gentleman, in addition to his shameful practices in life, Paine, as an author, superadded plagiarism; filched from Ethan Allen the great body of his deistical and atheistical opinions, which from the time of Celsus down to the age of Chubb, Tindall, and others, have been so often refuted

by men of the utmost respectability of character and fame.

Of the peculiar habits of Paine, we have the following notice:

Paine was the most indolent of men; if he was inspired by a muse the goddess most certainly made him but few visits. The office of 'secretary of foreign affairs,' was conferred upon him because of the merit of his 'Common Sense,' or what are called the 'Crisis,' under the signature, of 'Common Sense.' It was to him personally a sinecure. He never went to York (Penn.) where congress then sat, but occasionally, and staid but a day or two. His true employment was that of a political writer. In the summer and winter of 1777 and 1778 he was an inmate of my father's house, as were the late David Rittenhouse, the state treasurer, and John Hart, a member of the then executive council.

Paine would walk of a morning until twelve o'clock; come in and take an inordinate dinner. The rising from the table was between two and three o'clock. He would then retire to his bed-chamber, wrap a blanket round him, and, in a large arm chair, take a nap of two or three hours—rise and walk. These walks and his indolence, surprised my parents; they knew him as the author of 'Common Sense,' who had written patriotically, and in those writings, promulgated some moral and religious ideas, which induced them to believe he was an orthodox Christian. Indeed Paine, during the revolution, was careful to emit no irreligious dogmas, or any of his late diabolic ideas; if he had, the good sense of the American people, their virtue, and unfeigned worship of the Deity, would have in those days banished him from their country. Your grandfather's feelings, a few months before his death, which occurred on the 15th of December,

1786, when speaking of the unbeliever, Paine, were truly poignant; for now the wretch's true character began to open on the world. He lamented with tears, that he had ever admitted him into his house, or had a personal acquaintance and intercourse with him. He was, from conviction, a sincere Christian, converted by the scriptures; of a strong mind, and of a most tender conscience.

Do not permit any thing now said to induce you to undervalue the sagacity of my father, for he was wise: but of so benevolent a mind, that, in the common affairs of life, he held a principle of morality as true which is by no mean generally received; to wit, 'That we should consider every one as possessing probity until we discover him to be otherwise.' Other gentlemen think differently. However, it may well be maintained that the side my father took on this topic, which I have often heard argued, accords with the true spirit of the gospel; the other side is stoicism. From these last observations you will readily perceive how easy it was to impose on my father. This is the reason for his entertaining Paine. I have said that Paine was indolent. Take this as an instance: the *Crisis*, No. V. is but a short political essay, to be sure of great skill in the composition, of much eloquent invective, strong reasoning, some historic anecdote, and a fund of ridicule which fitted the passions of the times. But recollect that this piece, to Paine, was a labour of three months in the editing. It was written in my father's house. Mr. D. Rittenhouse inhabited the front room, in the upper story, where was the library. There he kept the office of the treasury of Pennsylvania. The room of Mr. Hart and Paine was to the left hand as you come to the stairhead entering the library.

When my wound, in 1778, was so far mended that, hobbling on crutch-

es, or by creeping up stairs, as you may have seen me of late years do, my greatest recreation, in my distressed state of mind, was to get into the chamber of Mr. Rittenhouse, where the books were. There his conversation (for he was most affable) enlivened my mind, and the books would so amuse it, that it became calm; and some desperate resolutions were dissolved. While that excellent man was employing his hours in the duties of his office, for the benefit of the people, Paine would be snoring away his precious time in his easy chair, regardless of those injunctions imposed upon him by congress, in relation to his political compositions. His remissness, indolence, or vacuity of thought caused great heart-burning among many primary characters in those days. I have heard the late Geo. Bryan, Esq. then vice president of the council, speak of his gross neglects with remarkable harshness. I would sometimes go into Paine's room, and sit with him. His *Crisis*, No. V. lay on the table, dusted: to-day three or four lines would be added; in the course of a week a dozen more, and so on. No. V. is dated 21st March, 1778, but it was not published until some months after that date, and it was generally thought by good whigs, that it had been too long delayed. For my own part I was so passionately engaged at heart in the principles of our cause, that Paine's manner of living and acting gave me a high disgust towards him. No idea could enter my mind, that any one, in that noble struggle, could be idle or disengaged. As to myself, my sensations were such that the examples of Decius might have been renewed.

We are happy to discover in the literary productions of our countrymen a recurrence to that phraseology that distinguishes so eminently the proudest days of English letters. Having been cloyed and

saturated with wordy impotence and metaphorical bombast, we gladly sit down to more temperate diet, and although to plainer, by far more invigorating fare. The present volume, with all its provincialisms, is written with spirit and patriotic energy. We see a noble

character in plain and unostentatious apparel, who improves on acquaintance, and commands our respect in proportion as he becomes more familiar; a respect which the evident disparity between his language and his sentiments tends to confirm.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

MEMOIR OF GEORGE NICHOLAS HARDINGE, ESQ. LATE CAPTAIN OF THE
SAN FIORENZO FRIGATE.

"A sire, contemplating the sculptured tomb,
Whose lettered scroll laments the hero's doom,
Sees in his youthful form his country's pride;
Reflects how *loved* he lived, how *glorious* died:
Then cries, "My sons! Such is the nation's claim,
Who falls like him, soars to immortal fame."

M.

IN considering the character of this young officer, it is very natural for the mind comparatively to recur to the contemplation of those heroes, ancient and modern, who have, as may be said, expired in the arms of victory, just at the moment when the charms of existence seemed to be expanded; therefore, in a conspicuous, though distant part of this historical canvass, we are inclined to view *Epaminondas* wounded in the *Elean* field, at the very instant when his conquest of the *Spartans* was declared, surrounded by his weeping friends, and phoenix-like dying amidst a blaze of glory. Descending to more modern times, we behold, mentally pictured, the death of *Turenne*, and *Wolfe*, extended on the plain of *Abraham*, raising his head at the cry of victory, and as he sinks again into the arms of one of his brave soldiers, seeming to exclaim: "I thank God! I die contented!" Were it here necessary, we could record the names of many other British officers, naval and military, from the time of the decease of that conquering hero to the recent fall of general *Moore*, who have, in the same circumstances, gloriously expired; but this is by no means the case, as our

general lamentations for their loss have scarcely yet been repressed by our patriotick exultations, that, as in their lives, so in their deaths, they have rendered those names terrific to our enemies, because they are combined with circumstances which tend to immortalize the glory of their country.

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During this memorable siege, he commanded a gun-boat; was thanked by the leader of that brilliant

service; and receiving his commission as lieutenant, 13th October, 1800, was honoured with a gold medal.

He returned home, and was made captain of the *Terrour Bomb*, in March, 1803.

In the September of the same year, he signalized his valour, skill and judgment, under that accomplished officer, sir James Saumarez, who in the London Gazette records him with praise, in the following terms:

“The various services on which captain Hardinge, of the *Terrour*, has been employed, have been sufficiently known; but I can venture to assert, that in no one instance could he have displayed greater zeal and gallantry than upon this occasion.”

The circumstance to which the letter adverts was the bombardment of Granville.

At a late period of 1803, he was appointed captain of a newly built sloop, the *Scorpion*, of 18 guns.

Commanding that vessel in the North Sea, he boarded, cut out, and brought away, a Dutch war brig, the *Atalante*.

Again his name was in the Gazette; he was made at once a post captain for the heroism of that enterprise, and was presented with a sword of 100 £ value by the committee of the Patriotic Fund.

Lord Keith, in the Gazette, speaks of him thus:

“Although,” said his lordship, “the brilliancy of this service can receive no additional lustre from any commendation it is in my power to bestow, I obey the dictates, both of duty and of inclination, in recommending the distinguished services of captains Hardinge and Pelly, and of the officers and men employed under them, to the consideration of their lordships; who will not fail to observe the delicacy

with which captain Hardinge refrains, in his narrative to admiral Thornborough, from any mention whatever of himself; nor to recollect, that captain Pelly was promoted to the rank of a commander, in consequence of his having been severely wounded, in the performance of his duty before Boulogne.”

A letter which has been universally admired and circulated, tho’ sent by him in the bosom of confidence, may now be rendered more publick without prejudice to that peculiar feature of his character, the modesty of his pretensions. No description can give a livelier picture of the enterprise or of the man.

SCORPION, April, 1804.

“My ever dearest Friend,

“I am on my way to the Nore, after six days of severe, but unrepented fatigue, and have sixty Dutch prisoners on board. We are accompanied by the *Atalante*, a Dutch war brig, of sixteen guns, prize to us.

“I was ordered on the 28th to reconnoitre at Vlie, and perceived a couple of the enemy’s brigs at anchor in the roads; despairing to reach them with my ship, on account of the shoals that surrounded the entrance, I determined upon a dash at the outermost one in the boats, if a good opportunity could be found or made. It came, unsolicited, March 31. Preparing to embark, we accidentally were joined by the *Beaver* sloop, who offered us her boats, to act in concert with ours; we accepted the re-enforcement, under an impression, that it would spare lives on both sides, and would shorten the contest. At half past nine in the evening we began the enterprise. Captain P. an intelligent and spirited officer, did me the honor to serve under me, as a volunteer, in one of his boats. We had near sixty men, including officers, headed by your

humble servant, in the foremost boat. As we rowed with tide flood we arrived alongside the enemy at half past eleven. I had the good fortune, or (as by some it has been considered) the honour, to be the first man who boarded her. She was prepared for us, with board nettings up, and with all the other customary implements of defence. But the noise and the alarm, &c. &c.* so intimidated her crew, that many of them ran below in a panic leaving to us the painful task of combating those whom we respected the most.

"The decks were slippery, in consequence of rain; so that grappling with my first opponent, a mate of the watch, I fell but recovered my position, fought him upon equal terms, and killed him. I then engaged the captain, as brave a man as any service ever boasted; he had almost killed one of my seamen. To my shame be it spoken, he disarmed me, and was on the point of killing me, when a seaman† of mine came up, rescued me at the peril of his own life, and enabled me to recover my sword.

"At this time all the men were come from the boats, and were in possession of the deck. Two were going to fall upon the captain at once. I ran up†—held them back—and then adjured him to accept quarter. With inflexible heroism, he disdained the gift, kept us at bay, and compelled us to kill him. He fell covered with honourable wounds.

"The vessel was ours, and we secured the hatches, which, headed by a lieutenant, who had receiv-

ed a desperate wound, they attempted repeatedly to force.

"Thus far we had been fortunate; but we had another enemy to fight; it was the element; a sudden gale, and shifted against us, impeded all the efforts we could make; but as we had made the capture, we determined, at all events, to sustain it, or to perish. We made the Dutch below surrender; put forty of them into their own irons, and stationed our men to their guns; brought the powder up, and made all the necessary arrangements to attack the other brig. But as the day broke, and without abatement of the wind, she was off, at such a distance and in such a position, that we had no chance to reach her. In this extremity of peril we remained eight and forty hours. Two of the boats had broken adrift from us, and two had swamped alongside; the wind shifted again, and we made a push to extricate ourselves, but found the navigation so difficult, that it required the intense labour of three days to accomplish it. We carried the point at last, and were commended by the admiral for our perseverance.

"You will see in the Gazette my letter to him; I aimed at modesty, and am a little afraid, that in pursuit of that object, I may have left material facts a little too indefinite, if not obscure.

"The *Atalante's* captain, and four others, are killed; eleven are wounded, and so dreadfully, that our surgeon thinks every one of them will die.

"To the end of my existence I shall regret the captain. He was a perfect hero; and if his crew had been like him, critical indeed would have been our peril.

"The *Atalante* is much larger than my vessel, and she mounted sixteen twelve pounders; we have not a single brig that is equal to that calibre. Her intended complement was two hundred men, but

* This &c. &c. is full of character.

† He thought so when he wrote; but it proved upon enquiry to be a mistake; Mr. Williams, the master, had this honour, and was proud of it. Captain Hardinge desired him to accept the sword he had used in the enterprise.

‡ This would make a subject for a picture.

she had only, as it happened, seventy six on board.

"I expect your joy by the return of post—ever affectionately and gratefully yours.

G. N. HARDINGE.

"P. S. In two days after the captain's death he was buried, with all the naval honours in my power to bestow upon him. During the ceremony of his interment, the English colours disappeared, and the Dutch were hoisted in their place. All the Dutch prisoners were liberated; one of them delivered an *éloge* upon the hero they had lost, and we fired three volleys over him as he descended into the deep."

In the east, he obtained the command of the *San Fiorenzo*! and the enterprise which terminated in his death has been well delineated in the *Naval Chronicle* of November, 1808.

"When the *San Fiorenzo* left Ceylon, on its passage to Bombay, it is personally known to the writer of this memoir, that his friend had no conception of the hope to find such an adventure in his way as that of meeting with *la Piedmontaise*; who, as general Maitland observes, in his letter, 'had uniformly eluded the vigilance of other naval officers,' and who had been pursued by the *San Fiorenzo* in particular but could never be reached.

"Of his four lieutenants, one had been left behind him, lieutenant Collier, an experienced and high spirited officer, who would have animated this or any similar enterprise with his powerful aid, if a disabling indisposition had not compelled him to remain upon the island, for the purpose of sailing from thence to England for the recovery of his health. In general, the *San Fiorenzo's* crew were too sickly for the complete and perfect

exercise of their natural energy, whether in attack or defence.

"Not a single enemy had appeared in sight on the voyage or in earlier destinations of this frigate. Captain Hardinge had once been the commodore of a little squadron when commander of the same frigate, but saw nothing which could interest his enthusiasm for the service he loved.

"Of the alarming and formidable disparity between the two frigates he had previous and minute intelligence; he had stated it in the letter which described the pursuit in 1807; and the accuracy of his naval eye has been delineated by the anecdote of the *Ville de Paris*. He must therefore have ascertained the *Piedmontaise* at the moment he saw her, by the description he had received.

"In the night of March the 6th, our hero took measure of this powerful adversary in his view, pursued her, and compelled her to defend herself against him. After a short conflict she ran away, and he pursued, but could not reach her again till 6 o'clock the next morning. This interval of time would of itself prove the defect of the English frigate in her sailing powers, and the unparalleled exertions of her crew (sickly as they were) to counteract the fatality of such a defect; but we know, from other statements, and from the history of *la Piedmontaise*, that she had, up to that period, uniformly out-sailed her adversaries, and had rather levelled her blow at their commerce than at their gallant spirit and their established fame.

"The action was renewed for a period of near two hours; again the enemy made all sail away. The main-top-sail yard of the *San Fiorenzo* had been shot through; the main royal mast and both of the main topmast stays, the mainspring stay, and most of the standing and running rigging had been crippled; all the sails were cut to pieces; and

most of the cartridge had been fired away.

"The San Fiorenzo employed all hands to repair her damage, and fit herself again for action. She kept sight of her fugitive adversary, and at nine o'clock on the following day bore down upon her under all sail. This third action was decisive and completely victorious, but was clouded by the death of its hero!

"Thus had perseverance, alacrity in resources, and skill in the application of them, but, above all (the best feature of naval courage) the patience of its discipline, kept alive by the zeal of its hope, enabled a superannuated frigate, of thirty eight guns, and mustering 486 men (officers included) and most of them out of health, after an action renewed three successive days, and in every conflict the assailant of the enemy (who fought in self-defence with reluctance and by force) to overcome and capture 566 men, armed with fifty long eighteen pounders, in a vessel distinguished by its youthful powers, and flushed with habits of conquest over its inferiours.

"The moment of the hero's death is not with accurate precision yet ascertained; but it seems generally understood, that he fell at an early period of the last and victorious attack.

"It would be unlike what his conduct would have been, had he survived his wound, but he had been carried below the deck, and it would now be unworthy of those who represent the delicacy of his honour, to dissemble the fact, that much of his fame is amply shared, as much as his enterprise was nobly emulated, by the first lieutenant, who fought the remainder of the last action under such heavy disadvantages, and captured the enemy. But having marked with praise the most unequivocal, this due honor to the successor, I have no fear to be thought arrogant for my

own hero, if I attribute part of the merit in this latter branch of the enterprise (though it survived him) to his example when he was no more; to the love and zeal for his memory, which animated his crew, and above all, to his equipment of his naval powers for the decisive blow, and for that impression of it which he made when the action was last renewed, which terminated in the victory and the capture.

"Captain Robert Falkner's death, at the distance of three hours from the subsequent capture of his adversary, was considered as no diminution of his fame in the action which took him from the world, though, of course, his first lieutenant must have divided his renown in winding up with congenial ability and spirit what the hero who fell had commenced and inspired.

"The words of captain Byng are very short; but, although you have published them in your gazette letters, they should not have been omitted in the memoir, because they impart in a few words a powerful testimony to the character of his brother officer and friend:—

"In the last action, that excellent and gallant officer, Captain Hardinge, fell. By all information, a more severe and a more determined action, or in which British valour has been shown more conspicuously, has not been fought in this war.

[Signed]

"G. BYNG."

"The new arms and crest which his majesty has granted are allusions to the gallant spirit, abilities, and successful perseverance of this excellent officer in his capture of the Dutch war-sloop *Atalante*, followed up, at the end of only four years, by this brilliant service of the attack made on *la Piedmontaise*. The arms represent the dismasted frigate in the act of being led by its victorious antagonist,

with its colors placed under those of Britain. The new crest is a naval sword passing through a wreath of cypress to another of laurel, which terminates the point. Across the sword are two flags, one of them Dutch, and the other French, inscribed *Atalante* and *Piedmontaise*. The motto is from Horace. "*Postera laude recens.*"

"It is to all the male descendants of the late Nicholas Hardinge and their male posterity who shall bear the name of Hardinge, that his majesty has given these new arms, to be respectively borne by each of them forever."

Copy of the letter which the Uncle of the late Captain Hardinge, received in August, 1808, from the Honourable Lieutenant general Maitland, Governor, &c. of Ceylon.

"SIR,

"After the heavy loss you have suffered, in the honorable and glorious death of your nephew, killed at the end of an action which places him second to none who have died in the defence of their country, it may be some consolation, though a melancholy one, to know, that his death was no less immediate than his gallantry, and the advantage accruing from it were brilliant and signal.

"The Piedmontaise had eluded the vigilance of all other naval officers; till, fortunately for Britain, but unfortunately for you, he fell in with your nephew. Enclosed I have the honor to forward you a copy of an order which I felt it a duty, as a publick man, to issue upon the first arrival of the intelligence.

"I have the honor, &c.

"T. MAITLAND."

Copy of the Orders enclosed in Lieut. gen. Maitland's letter.

(GENERAL ORDERS.)

"Galle, Head Quarters, }
13th March, 1808. }

"Lieutenant general Maitland

feels it a duty which he owes to his sovereign and his country, to mark, in the strongest terms, the advantage which may arise to the particular branch of his majesty's service in which he is engaged, by drawing their attention to the benefits accruing from gallantry and perseverance in other departments of the publick service.

"He is the more called upon to mark it, from a circumstance which has just come to his knowledge. The St. Fiorenzo, after an action, second to none in the splendid annals of *British* valour, and marked with a degree of perseverance which has rarely occurred, has towed into the roads of Colombo (the capital of this Island) la Piedmontaise, of greatly superiour force in guns and men, and which had escaped from the vigilance of his majesty's navy in this part of the world.

"He has no doubt that every surviving individual engaged in this action will be requited with marks of royal munificence and liberality, such as have been displayed upon similar occasions, by his royal master, and by the British nation.

"In the mean time, he feels it his duty, as representing his sovereign in this island, to direct that, at four o'clock to-morrow evening, the flag at the flag staff of this fort be hoisted half flag-staff high, and that minute guns be fired agreeable to the number of years captain Hardinge had so honourably lived, when most unfortunately for his friends and for his country his career was cut off.

"These orders will be read at the head of the troops, and similar honors to the memory of captain Hardinge will be paid in every fort in this island."

(COPY.)

Calgarth Park, 24th August, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"What can I say to you upon this heart-speaking event? no-

thing which has not struck your own mind; yet I must beg you to believe that I sympathise with you; for sympathy like this, be it ever so fruitless, in lessening grief is joy itself, compared with neglect.

"When lord Robert Manners was killed, the king said to the duke of Rutland, that 'he had rather have lost three of his best ships;' and surely, in perfect justice he cannot estimate the loss of captain Hardinge at a less price.

"Yours faithfully,

"R. LANDAFF."

(COPY.)

Cheltenham, Sept. 9, 1808.

"This admired and gallant officer is most universally regretted by all that knew him, and by us (of his profession) the most, because we knew him the best.

"He conducted himself in the kindest manner to me ever since he took the command of the ship; and when I left her at Port de Galle, on account of a severe indisposition, such expressions of zeal for my welfare and of personal attachment I experienced from this best of men, as I never shall experience again, or ever had experienced from others.

"Never in this world has any man been so much regretted as the good and brave captain Hardinge.

"I am, &c.

"EDW. COLLIER."

(COPY.)

Rochetts, 3d Sept. 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I participate sincerely in your grief and regret for the loss of your gallant young friend and mine, who has left us in the midst of his glorious career.

"I consider the enterprise and conflict in which he fell, taking in all the circumstances of it, as the most eminently distinguished that our naval annals can boast, and I read a short account of the departed hero in yesterday's *Courier*, with a melancholy sense of pleasure.

"It can truly be said of him, that

he died as he lived; an ornament to his country, and an honour to those who bear his name.

"I cannot abstain from a tear over him; a weakness (for such it is) which I am not ashamed of confessing to you, whose feelings resemble those of your affectionate

ST. VINCENT.

"His latter conduct has placed him amongst the greatest heroes of this country; and I hope to see his monument in St. Paul's where the great and glorious lord Nelson lies; a fit and proper companion for our lamented hero's name and memory.

(Signed)

"CHARLES TYLER."

A subscription of 2000 guineas was collected for this monument, and has been remitted hither.

A vote of the house of commons, *without a dissenting voice*, after an ample discussion, has recommended the erection of a monument in honour to captain Hardinge in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The merchants of Bombay have presented a vase of 300 guineas value to the rev. Mr. Hardinge, as a memorial of his lamented son.

The committee at Lloyd's have conferred a similar gift upon Mr. George Hardinge, his uncle, as having been his adopted father.

But in the lustre of his fame, nothing is more brilliant than so marked a zeal for it, as that which lord St. Vincent and sir James Saumarez have displayed.

They were champions for the monument; and their just influence had the most powerful effect upon the board of admiralty and upon the executive government, who originated the measure in parliament.

One of the first marine painters in the age has just published a picturesque engraving, and which cannot be recommended enough to the publick. It is a description of the victorious frigate, after the capture in the act of towing in her prize off Ceylon. It is beautifully coloured, and has the effect of a drawing.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

LIFE OF FLORIAN.

JEAN-PIERRE CLARIS DE FLORIAN, was born in 1775, at the castle of Florian, in the Lower Cevennes, at some distance from Anduza and Saint Hypolite. Although these particulars were not known to us, it would be easy to supply them. In fact, we read them at the opening of his Pastoral of Estelle: "I wish to celebrate my native land—to describe those delightful climates where the green olive, the vermillioned mulberry, the gilded grape, grow up together beneath an azure sky:—where, upon smiling hills, sprinkled with violets and daffodils, bound numerous flocks and herds:—where a sprightly, yet a feeling people, laborious, but yet cheerful, escape from want, by toil, and from vice by cheerfulness." And a few lines lower: "On the borders of the Gardon, at the foot of the lofty mountains of Cevennes, between the town of Anduza, and the village of Massanne, lies a valley, where nature seems to have collected all her treasures."

The castle in which Florian was born, was built by his grandfather, a counsellor of the Chamber of Accounts at Montpellier, who ruined himself by building a superb mansion on a very small estate, and who, when he died, left two sons, and many debts. From the second son, Florian derived his birth. It appears that his grandfather had conceived a great affection for his grandson; and it afforded him real pleasure to see him grow up under his own eye. Sensible to this tenderness, and penetrated both with respect and love, the young Florian joyfully accompanied him in his rural excursions, and procured to the old man a satisfaction, with which he was highly flattered—that of admiring his plantations. Hence arose that respect and veneration

which Florian always evinced for old age, and that pleasing melancholy which he contracted a habit of, although he was naturally of a gay and lively disposition.

One of the causes which contributed to instil into Florian's heart that pleasing melancholy which constitutes the powerful charm of his writings, was his having, from his childhood, to bewail a tender mother whom he had never the happiness to know, and who was highly deserving of the regret which he experienced for her. The idea, that he never enjoyed the presence, the caresses, and the fostering cares of her who gave him birth, was to Florian, ever a source of painful recollection: it was almost foremost in his thoughts; and, in the course of time, the more he obtained success, the more did he regret his mother could not share his feelings. He well knew that no person would have been more sensible. His father, a worthy honest man, was more intent on the cultivation of his land than on his understanding. His mother, on the contrary, naturally intelligent, had always enjoyed the pleasure derived from letters. It was from her that Florian believed he inherited his literary talents. From the description given him, by those who had known he had a portrait of her painted, for which he always showed the most profound veneration.

After the death of his grandfather, young Florian was sent to a school at St. Hypolite. He learned but little there; but his natural genius and his witty sallies were soon remarked; and the favorable reports which his relations received of his happy dispositions, determined them to give him an education capable of assisting his talents.

His father's elder brother had

married the niece of Voltaire.— That great man was spoken to in behalf of young Florian, and was informed of the rising genius he displayed. Voltaire was anxious to see him. Florian was sent to him, and his first introduction into the world was at Ferney.

Voltaire was singularly amused with his gayety, his gentleness of manners, his lively repartees, and conceived a great friendship for him. This is evident from his letters to Floriannet, the friendly familiar name he gave him; indeed it was said, and even mentioned in some of the periodical works of the day, that he was his near relation; but he was no other way allied to him than as the nephew of the man who had married his niece.

From Ferney, Florian went to Paris, where they procured him several masters to cultivate and improve his rising talents. He passed some years there; and during that period made several journies to Hornoy, a country seat of his aunt's, in Picardy. Destined from that time for the profession of arms he thought it his duty to adopt the spirit of it: all his sports savoured of combats. The perusal of some old romances, on the subject of knight errantry, heated his imagination; and the prowess of the knights and deeds of chivalry became so much to his taste, that having then, for the first time, read *Don Quixotte*, which he afterwards translated, far from deriving pleasure from the work, he was almost disgusted with it. He looked upon Michael Cervantes as an absurd, impertinent blockhead, for having dared to attack, with the arms of ridicule, heroes who were the objects of his admiration.

As his family was not rich, in the year 1768, he entered into the service of the Duke de Penthièvre, as his page. His friends hoped, by this means, he would be enabled to finish his education, and, in the end, might obtain some honourable em-

ployment; but the education of pages was not the most excellent, and, without the resources which he had within himself, would have availed him little.

The duke, who attended to his own household, and who possessed a sound judgment, soon distinguished him from among his companions. His frankness, his pleasantries, and jokes, always within the strictest bounds of decency, and his lively witticisms, frequently amused that virtuous personage, who, spite of his wealth, of his goodness, and benevolence, was, of all men in France, perhaps, one who was less happy.

It was during the period that young Florian was page (he was then about fifteen) that he composed the first lines which came from his pen. The occasion which gave rise to them, and the subject he chose out of preference, equally contributed to give an idea of his character, which, as I have already said, was a *melange* of mirth and melancholy.—The conversation one day at the duke's, was rather grave and turned upon religious discourses and sermons. Florian suddenly engaged in it, and maintained, that a sermon was by no means difficult to compose; and added, that he thought he was capable of composing one if it was necessary. The prince took him at his word, and betted a wager of fifty louis that he would not succeed. The curate of St. Eustache, who was present, was to be the judge. Florian immediately set to work and, in the course of a few days, produced the fruits of his labour.

The astonishment of the prince and the curate was extreme, to hear a youth recite a sermon upon death which was worthy of being submitted to the publick eye. The first agreed that he had lost his wager, adding, that he experienced much real pleasure in having lost it: and immediately paid down the amount. The other, the curate, got

possession of the sermon, took it away, and preached it at his parish church.

When Florian had fulfilled the duties of a page, which only continued till a certain age, he was a long time doubtful what line of life he should adopt, and his relations partook of his uncertainty. Some advised him to solicit a place of gentleman of honour in the prince's household, as that place offered a certain and quiet life; others (and his father was of the number) wished that he should pursue the career of arms. As he had not entirely lost all his ideas of chivalry, he inclined strongly to that side. The "pomp and pageantry of war" appeared to him in a more seducing light than all the advantages of the sedentary life they wished him to adopt; and he remarked pleasantly enough, on the subject of the place of gentleman to the prince, which had been solicited for and offered to him, "I have been too long a footman, to become a valet de chambre."

He, therefore, chose the service, and entered into what was then called the corps of royal artillery. He went to Bapaume, where the military college was. He applied himself to the study of mathematics, and succeeded, as he possessed an aptness at every branch of learning. But the science of calculation was by no means analogous with the turn of his mind; he soon discovered it had no attractions for him. Born with a lively, brilliant imagination, Florian conceived that the science of calculation served but to restrain its flights; and he, consequently forgot it almost as soon as he had learned it.

The academy at Bapaume, where Florian then was, was composed of young men, who, almost all, possessed considerable talents, but, with whom, reason was a very rare guest. We should suppose that they were occupied with their dif-

ferent studies, since many clever persons have come from it; but we may pretty well judge what must be the life of a great number of young men, hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, and yielding to all the extravagancies of their fancies. Nothing could keep them in restraint; one quarrel gave rise to another, and these daily disputes always ended in duels. Florian was wounded several times. At length, the want of discipline in the pupils became so great, that they were obliged to suppress the establishment. Who could have ever supposed that from such a school should come the author of *Estelle and Galette*?

Much about this time Florian obtained a troop of cavalry in the regiment of Penthievre, then in garrison, at Maubeuge. Soon after his arrival in that city, he became so violently enamoured with a canoness, as amiable as she was virtuous, that he absolutely wished to marry her. His friends and relations wished to dissuade him from a match which was no way suitable to his years or his fortune, and they at last succeeded.

His family, from whom he had but little to expect, resolved to attach him to a man of power and interest, by procuring for him, notwithstanding his opposition, the place which he had before refused. But Florian wished to serve, and the prince did not wish any gentleman to be employed about his person who was attached to the service. Anxious, however, to fix the wavering resolution of a man whose society he loved, he even began to smooth the difficulties which might interfere with the inclinations of Florian. It was agreed then that he should retire upon half pay; that his rank should still continue; and that he should be wholly at liberty to remain in his new situation. He settled therefore at Paris. And this sedentary life, which he had so great a dread of, contributed not a

little to his launching into the career of letters.

It was then, in fact, that in order to remove the *ennui* which sometimes seized him, and of which he said himself he was too susceptible, he began to write. The fondness which he always had for the Spanish language, revived. He applied himself to the study of it, and formed the plan of translating into French every Spanish work which might appear to please the general taste of the people. After a long hesitation, divided in his opinions on several authors, he made choice of Cervantes; and, finding his *Galatea* possessed of much interest, spite of its imperfections, he resolved to set about it. The happy alterations which he made in that poem; the entire scenes he has added to it: the rustic fete; the story of the doves; the farewell to Elicio's dog; the last canto entirely, which he thought necessary to finish the poem which Cervantes never finished; the elegant and delicate stanzas, which he has scattered through the work; all contributed to the success of *Galatea*, which determined Florian to give himself up entirely to this species of composition, the pastoral romance, so long fallen into absolute discredit.

He published *Estelle*, and obtained fresh success, the glory of which, was exclusively his own. *Estelle*, in fact, was solely his own invention, and pleased as much as *Galatea*. There are those who even prefer it to the latter. But the greatest number regard *Estelle* and *Galatea*, as two sisters equally amiable, and between whom it is difficult to make a choice.

It is needless to speak of his other works; they are in the hands of almost every person. The custom he had contracted of studying and writing, had become in him a real want: he never passed a day without this kind of labour, and he

frequently toiled from morning till night.

"Try to write fables," said the duke de Penthièvre one day to him. Florian followed his advice. He wrote fables. Many years passed away before he published any of them, and only gave them to the world three or four years before his death. This collection, the most perfect which has appeared since La Fontaine, is, of all Florian's works, that which posterity will admire the most. At the head of this work he had his portrait engraved.

Few authors were admitted at so early an age, into the French Academy. He was only thirty three the day he was appointed a member. But he did not look upon this place as a place of idleness, or as a privilege for doing nothing. His new title, far from diminishing, increased his love of toil; and, if a premature death had not stopped him in his career, he had planned what was sufficient to have kept him employed for many years.

Amongst his projects, was that of writing the lives of eminent and illustrious characters of modern history, and comparing them with each other, after the manner of Plutarch. He waited, he said, to undertake these different works till the fire of his imagination should be cooled. 'That,' said he, 'shall be the employment of my latter years.'

The affection which he had conceived for Spain, and the Spanish people, was not exclusive; there was another people who shared it; one would not easily guess who—it was the Jews. He had a perfect knowledge of their history, and frequently applied it most happily. He had always a strong desire to compose a Jewish work; and he wrote one in four books, which form a neat, small volume, about the size of his *Galatea*: it is entitled *Eliezar and Nepthali*. It is entirely a work of imagination, but possesses most lively interest. At the very mo;

ment I am now writing, a search is making for this precious manuscript, which cannot be found among the author's papers.* Nothing shall be neglected to discover it, and to hasten the period when the publick may enjoy this interesting production.

The last work of Florian, is his translation of *Don Quixotte*. He worked at it, he said, in order to rest and unbend his mind, and to prove to Cervantes, that he had entirely forgotten the aversion he conceived against him in his youth. When a friend observed to him, that *Don Quixotte* had been read by all the world: that the passion he attacked not being now the fashion, would excite but little interest; he replied, that Cervantes being the best writer that Spain ever had he should be better known. That those who had only read the translation of *Fillau de Saint Martin*, knew him not at all; and that he hoped they would read his, which, on the whole, was only a free translation. As few writers have been more read than Florian; we trust his hopes will not be deceived. His translation will be brought forward with all possible dispatch.†

The "private life of Florian," like the generality of men of letters, affords no incidents of any striking nature; he wrote it himself. It must have been interesting, for he related every thing in a pleasing manner, and knew how to stamp a value even upon trifles; but this *Life* most probably was destroyed, and there is only one person to whom it was ever read.

Those who are not intimately ac-

* Since the above was written, the MS. has been discovered, and printed at Paris. It is a beautiful tale, and, if possible, surpasses the *Death of Abel*.

† Florian's *Don Quixotte* has since appeared from the stereotype of Didot, at Paris. It is in six neat volumes, with twenty four plates, exquisite, though small. It is about to be translated into English.

quainted with him, can form no idea of the difference between Florian in company, and Florian in his study. When he found himself in a society of persons who were known to him, and amongst whom he was perfectly at ease, he yielded to the charms of conversation; and there was none more lively, more agreeable, more entertaining, than his own. When his spirits were a little elevated, he would make the melancholy laugh; on the other hand, where he was unacquainted with those present, or had no intimate acquaintance with them, he always appeared grave and serious. But even this very gravity, with those who knew him well, formed a singular contrast with his natural gaiety.

Such was Florian. Such was the man, amiable in his conduct as in his writings; dividing his time equally between friendship and study; ever ready to oblige; incapable of giving a denial; a stranger to every species of animosity. He retired to Seaux at the commencement of the revolution; and, solely employed in his solitude in literary pursuits, could it be supposed that envy would disturb the tranquility of his days? would tear him from his peaceful thickets, and drag him to a prison? He had so little an idea of it, that his arrest came upon him like a thunderbolt. He felt uneasy when they said to him: 'You are not at liberty;' and from that moment, felt that this trait of men's injustice, would conduct him to the tomb.

Posterity will with difficulty credit, that the author of *Estelle* and *Galatea*, living in rural retirement, surrounded by his books, should have given sufficient cause for his being hurried to a prison.

Amongst those various features which historians will cite, in order to characterize the epoch of the revolutionary regime, they will not fail to remember the arrest of Florian. There is something so very

strange in it, and the consequences were so deadly, that it may not be unpleasing to detail the incidents. I find them stated in the rough copy of a memorial or petition, in the shape of a letter, which Florian wrote in prison to one of the deputies of his acquaintance. When I read it, I could scarcely check my tears. Those who will read it after me, will shed some too, if they are not quite destitute of feeling. I well know that many people will blame Florian, for not having evinced more firmness, and suffering himself, in some measure, to be overwhelmed and weighed down by the weight of the injustice; but if weakness of character is a fault, it is not always a crime. It springs from sensibility, and claims indulgence.

THE LETTER.

"Citizen Representative,

"You cherish, you cultivate, letters; but liberty and your country still more. You require that the arts, to whom you were a friend from infancy, should be made useful to the cause of the people, for whom you wish to die. 'Tis on that title alone I address you.

"Meditating for a long time back, on amending the ancient history for a national education, I acquainted the committee of Publick Safety, of my intentions, by a memorial I addressed to them. I spoke of myself, in a moment, when a timid man, who had the slightest reproach to charge himself with, would have been only anxious that he should be forgotten. Calm and tranquil as to this step, I laboured on in my retirement, and had already finished several articles upon Egypt, when a sudden order of the committee of Publick Safety, caused me to be put under a state of arrest, in the prison of Port Libre. I have now continued twenty days; to say nothing of the long nights, which differ only from the days from the want of light, without

books, almost without paper—in the midst of six hundred persons—in vain calling to my assistance the imagination I formerly possessed, and finding nothing in its place but sorrow and dejection.

"I wish however, to be employed—I have conceived the plan of a work* which I think useful to the publick morals. Even in my prison I have celebrated the hero of liberty. I send you my first book: I ask your opinion of it.

"If you are not of opinion that the poem may strengthen, in the breasts of the youthful part of the French nation, the love of the republick, and the respect for simple manners, do not answer me: let me die here. The alteration in my state of health gives me hopes, that will soon be the case.

"If your civism and your taste, abstracted from all interest for me, persuade you that my work should be finished, speak to your colleagues members of the committee of Publick Safety, and say to them—

"Of what can that man be guilty who dreaded being shut up in the Bastile for the first verses which he wrote in the '*Vassal of Mount Jura*'?—who wrote before the Revolution, the eleventh book of *Numa*?—and who since the Revolution, free, unencumbered, without other fortune than his talents, which he could transport to any elime, has not, for an instant, quitted his country; commanded three years in the National Guards; written many books; and, in his collection of Fables, printed that of the *Monkeys and the Leopard*?

"Can a writer of fables, a simple shepherd, he who sang the loves of Galatea and Estelle, can he be guilty of a crime? The Lyre of Phedra—the Pipe of Gessner—too soft, no doubt, in the midst of warlike sounds; can they be displeasing to those who wish to establish free-

* His Poem of William Tell.

dom on the basis of morality? The linnet which warbled forth its notes near the Lernian Marsh, when Hercules engaged the Hydra, excited not the Hero's wrath; nay, perhaps, when the victory was gained, he listened to it with the greater pleasure.'

"To these few words do I now, and shall reduce my sole defence. If they believe me guilty, let them judge me; but if I am innocent, let them restore me to my liberty, to my writings, to my works now ready for the press, and which my confinement has prevented my putting the finishing hand to. Let them restore me to my pure and harmless life, and the desire of being still useful to my country."

It was thus that the mild and soothing voice of Florian, sought to strike the ears of those odious tyrants, who then held France in base subjection. The *ninth of Thermider*, hastened the effect of the solicitations of Florian and his friends. He left the prison some time after that memorable day; and he hastened to leave Paris, to go and live quietly in the country. His chief object was to breathe a purer air, and make himself be forgotten. He had imbibed a degree of melancholy which rendered solitude more dear to him than ever. Whether it was that the idea of the injustice he had experienced, had preyed upon his mind so as to affect his health; whether it was that the foul air and coarse food of the pri-

son left the seeds of a dangerous malady; it was not long before he took to his bed, from which he never arose.

The tenor of Florian's life indicated a long career. His temperance and sobriety, gave hopes that he would be a long time preserved to Friendship and to Letters. Although rather below the middle size, he was strongly made. His face was not handsome; but the serenity, the gaiety which shone in it; his full black eyes, sparkling with fire, which gave an expression of animation to the *toute ensemble* of his countenance, rendered it striking and agreeable. He died at Seaux, in a small apartment which he occupied, at the Orangery, before he reached his fortieth year.

At any other time, the death of the author of *Estelle*, *Galatea*, *Numa*, *Gonzalvo*, and *William Tell*, would have been ranked amongst the most particular occurrences of the day. Poets would have written elegies upon his untimely fate; and the literary societies would have resounded with his eulogies, and bewailed the loss which learning had sustained. But, at the period when Florian died, men were wholly occupied with politics and grief. Each had some personal tears to shed to the memory of murdered friends or kinsmen; and the death of Florian, scarcely noticed in a few of the journals of the day, was, with them, forgotten.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

[*We would be guilty of the most unpardonable injustice to intrinsic merit, were we to omit paying the just tribute of praise to the extraordinary genius of a young gentleman (Mr. Wm. Ball, jun.) of this place, to whose taste for the fine Arts, we are indebted for the annexed engraving, copied from the Port Folio for November last, to which we beg leave to refer our readers; who, by comparison, will be enabled to form a proper estimate of the merits of the young gentleman just mentioned.—When it is known that this young Artist is but 19 years old; that his years have been entirely spent in this, his native, place; that his pursuits have been altogether of a different description from that which has, but a few months, engaged his partial attention; that he never had an opportunity of even seeing a copper-plate, or witnessing the operation of the graphic art, the specimen we now exhibit will, without doubt, be acknowledged to be a master-piece of youthful genius.....Ed. Monthly Magazine.*]

THIS exquisite painting, is one of the few original pictures of the great Flemish masters, with which the revolutions of the age have unexpectedly enriched the incipient collections of America. It is one of those master pieces of Rubens which were selected for the graver of his eminent contemporary, Luke Vorsterman, and it would appear from the dedication of his well known print of the subject, to have been painted for the private cabinet of the abbot of Dunes, at Bruges, about the year 1620; when the painter was in the meridian of life and vigour, having just completed his great historical work at the gallery of the Luxembourg.

Our blessed Saviour, according to the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, having alarmed the doctors of the law, as well by the parables which he uttered, as by the miracles which he had wrought, in the sight and hearing of the whole people of the Jews. "The Pharisees took counsel (in the impressive language of the evangelist) how they might entangle him in his talk. And they

"sent out unto him their disciples with the Herodians, saying, Master, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, neither carest thou for any man, for thou regardest not the persons of men. Tell us, therefore what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not? But Jesus perceived this wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he said unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? They said unto him, Cæsar's. Then, saith he unto them, Render, therefore, unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God, the things that are God's."

According to the law of Moses tribute was due to God alone, whose sovereignty the Jews acknowledged by a tribute, or capitation, of half a shekel a head; which every Israelite was to pay yearly (Exodus xxx. 13.) the rich were not to give more, and the poor were not to give less, for an offering unto the Lord. If, therefore, Christ had en-

joined the observance of the law, they would have denounced him to the Romans, to whom the Jews were then subject, as *forbidding them to give tribute to Cæsar*, and if he had commanded them to pay the tribute, then they would have accused him to the Jews, as a *breaker of the law*. But the prudent answer of our Lord, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's," preserved him at once from both the horns of the dilemma, and sent away his enemies with shame and confusion.

The picture (on pannel) measures 19 inches by $24\frac{1}{4}$, and contains nine figures, of the proportion of about two feet, being seen only to the knees. That of the Saviour is marked for superiority, by being the only one which is displayed at full—no more than a gentle radiation, scarcely to be observed without particular notice, emanating from the head and face! With a look of mild reproof, he is in the act of returning to the Pharisees, with one hand, the piece of money which had been shown him, and pointing upwards, with the other, to the place where all tribute is due. Beyond him stands an aged disciple, who regards the piece of money with a look of unsuspecting simplicity. Before them stand four Pharisees, and behind these, three Herodians (the philosophic

unbelievers of antiquity) one of whom looks askance, with affected inattention, while another listens, with earnest observance, to the convicting voice of truth; and the thirds looks on with unreserved amazement. The Pharisee who brought the piece of money, has just answered the preliminary question, "Whose is this image and superscription?" with an air of pretended candour, and indifference; a crafty Levite, upon his left, eagerly waits for the expected advantage; and a superannuated priest, on his right, hears, but does not understand, the confounding reply; confident that his wary coadjutors could put to silence the supposed impostor. The fourth Pharisee stands off, and gnashes his teeth, with unlooked for vexation, and disappointed malice.

The composition of the subject is close without crowding, an arrangement which binds the parts together, and gives occasion for those broad masses of light and shade, which, with the transparent colouring of this master, produce a magical delusion in the relief or depression of the figures, so that every one seems to occupy its proper plane, upon the floor of a vestibule of the temple, whose accordant shades unite the whole, and bring out the colours of the drapery with equal harmony and lustre.

[FROM THE HISTORY OF THE INQUISITIONS.]

THE STORY OF DON ESTEVAN DE XERES.

IN the year 1702, Don Estevan de Xeres, a rich inhabitant of Mexico, quitted America in order to reside in Spain, from which he had been absent since his infancy, and at the same time brought with him a considerable part of his fortune. He was now about fifty-four years of age. Some residents ob-

liged the captain of the vessel in which Estevan had taken his passage to put into Lisbon.

The avarice of the landlord of the house wherein our traveller lodged, was inflamed at the sight of the great riches which Estevan possessed, and he burned with desire to appropriate, at least, some

part to himself; but how was this object to be accomplished? To accuse him before the inquisition was, indeed, a sure method of plundering Estevan of his treasures; but then the holy office would confiscate them, and thus become the only gainer. He at length thought, that, in the interval between the seizure of his person, and the arrival of the commissioners to confiscate his goods, he should be able to secrete something of value, and run no risk of being brought to any account upon the subject. He therefore determined upon this plan.— This wretch had a son, as abandoned to all virtue as himself, who had made many travels in America.— He was of profligate morals and embarrassed circumstances.

In his travels he had resided, for some time, in Mexico; Don Estevan was not entirely unknown to him; it would be possible to make it appear that a violent passion for an Indian beauty had prevailed on him to gratify his mistress and her friends by some acts of adoration towards the sun. The father was to add, to this information, that Don Estevan, since his arrival in Lisbon, had neglected to attend the churches; that he continued every day, for some hours, shut up in his own apartment, in order, probably, to follow, without restraint, his idolatrous devotions; that this suspicion was farther confirmed by some little figures, of a strange form, which he had brought with him, which he kept constantly in his chamber, and which he had strictly commanded the servants of the house not to touch or to disarrange.

The two wretches repaired to the mesa of the holy office, and delivered in their information. It was well received. The riches of the stranger had, during some days, been universally talked of in Lisbon, and the opportunity of seizing upon them was much too favourable to be lost. The next day, late

in the evening, Estevan was arrested as he descended from his coach to enter his lodgings. Estevan fortunately had, among the number of his domesticks, a young negro of about four and twenty years of age, whom he had educated from his infancy, and the faithful youth, by his extreme intelligence, his capacity, and his exemplary conduct, but above all, by his inviolable attachment and affection, which resembled the strongest filial piety, had abundantly repaid the kindness which he had shown, and the confidence which he placed in him. Zamora, for this was his name, was present when his master was arrested. He knew enough of the Portuguese and Spanish manners to suspect the occasion; but in order to ascertain the fact, he followed at a distance, the familiars who conducted his benefactor. He saw them enter the gates of the inquisition; and from that moment he formed the resolution of saving his life, or of perishing in the attempt. His first reflection was, that without money he could not hope for success. He therefore flew back to his master's lodging, being acquainted with the spot where the most valuable effects were deposited, from the perfect confidence which was placed in his honesty. He therefore instantly ascended to the apartment, and seized a small chest filled with diamonds, together with a pocket book which contained the most valuable notes. He remembered, that since their arrival in Lisbon, he attended his master, more than once, to the house of the French consul, with whom he had appeared to be on terms of strict friendship.

The consul, surprised at the spirit and fidelity of the young stranger, engaged to afford him every assistance in his power. "I will baffle at least a part of their plot," said he: "I will at least disappoint their avarice, and that of the inquisition. I know that Estevan has caused a large part of his car-

go to be ensured at Bordeaux. I will require that this be sequestered to secure the charges of my countrymen, so that, if you succeed in your generous enterprise, Estevan at least will not be ruined." That very morning the consul repaired to the lodgings of Estevan. The commissioners of the inquisition were there before him, and had begun to make an inventory of the goods of the prisoner. The consul by virtue of the treaty of commerce which existed between the two nations, exhibited to them the assurance of the company in Bordeaux, and required, in order to secure the interests of his countrymen, that all the effects of Estevan should be sequestered until the termination of his trial. At the same time calling to mind the suspicions expressed by Zamora, he required that the entire house should be searched, lest any part of the property of the prisoner should have been removed out of his own apartments. By these means, this knave being entangled in the net which himself had laid, completely lost the reward of his iniquity, and nothing was left him but the remorse which followed so atrocious an action.

Zamora repaired to the holy office. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. He begged to speak to the grand inquisitor. The guard and attendants treated him with rudeness. "His eminence is asleep." "I will wait then." "So you may wait! On whose part do you come?" "On my own." "Your own, indeed! perhaps you belong to some master?" "Yes, to Don Estevan." In a moment the cry was changed. They took him for an informer. "Enter, my good friend: his eminence shall be apprized of your visit." A messenger was instantly dispatched with the intelligence, and returned back almost instantly. "His eminence," said the messenger, "is engaged at present; but he has commanded his private secretary,

the right reverend father Juan Maria, of the most illustrious order of St. Dominick, to give you an audience." They then conducted him through a number of magnificent apartments, and brought him, at length, to that of the secretary, who was carelessly reclined upon a sofa, after having just finished his chocolate. He was in the act of saluting a young lady, concerning whom we are not to make too many inquiries. "Go in peace," said he, "my dear sister, and sin no more." A smile was her reply as she left the room.

Zamora informed the inquisitor, that his master had promised him baptism; that he had delayed it from time to time; that he would give all he had in the world (the savings of his earnings in servitude) to obtain that grace, laying down a purse of gold in proof of his sincerity, and that at present, as he was without a master, he desired a situation. "Well, I will attach you to the holy office: it is the way of heaven. What can you do?" "I know a little of cooking and gardening; I can shave well; besides, I am active and alert. I have a quick eye, a ready ear, and an excellent memory." "And discretion?" "I can answer for that." "Excellent!" replied the secretary, and rang a small bell which lay upon the table. "Majordomo," said he to a man who entered and stood respectfully at the door, "this young negro is a catechumen whom his eminence and I take under our special protection. I recommend him to you. You will employ him in whatever he is found fit for. I intrust him to your care. Give him a chamber to himself, and see that he be well fed and well treated. Go, and you, my son, follow him: work, and pray that ye may not fall into temptation." The majordomo and Zamoro bent their knees with submission, and his reverence honoured them with his salutation: *Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus.*

Zamora employed the first month in conciliating the good will of every body around him. He studied assiduously, the catechism of father Juan, he anticipated his desires, he guessed at his intentions, and gratified his smallest wishes. When presented by him to the grand inquisitor, he had been equally successful in recommending himself to that prelate; without being elated by this favour and without even boasting of his credit among his inferiours, he used his utmost exertions to please them. He assisted their labours, executed their commissions, drank with them, concealed or excused their errors, so that, in a short time, he became the object of universal affection in the holy office.

It was, above all, to the alcaide and the guards of the prisoners that he studied to recommend himself. The alcaide had a mistress of whom he was jealous, and Zamora, by executing his business in the house, enabled him to absent himself more frequently. The guards were fatigued with their duty, Zamora watched for them, and passed whole nights in their place. He entertained them with accounts of his travels and of his country, and sometimes a few bottles of wine promoted the hilarity of the evening. Still all this was very far from the object upon which his heart was set. Already, thanks to the confidence which he enjoyed, and to his reason, he had got access to the dungeons of upwards of fifty prisoners, but without entering the only one which he wished to behold.

One morning, as he stood in the gallery with the guards, the major-domo brought a note to the alcaide. The alcaide immediately ordered six of them to take their carbines. This was the usual sign that they were about to conduct a prisoner to the mesa, or board of the holy office. Zamora was going to retire, when the alcaide said to him: 'Come

you also with us: you will behold a quarter you are not as yet acquainted with.' These words made him tremble with anxiety. He followed them. The alcaide then opened a door which, till then, Zamora had always seen shut. They ascended to an upper floor, and came to a gallery less dark than that below. 'This is the quarter of the *hidalgos* or people of quality,' said the alcaide. At last they arrived at one chamber, the bars were withdrawn, the double doors were opened: 'You are summoned,' said the alcaide to the prisoner within. A person then came forth: it was Estevan himself. What a moment to Zamora! What surprise! Estevan proceeded with his eyes fixed upon the ground. He raised them, and beheld his faithful follower. Zamora, shuddering with terror lest some slight gesture might occasion the destruction of both, placed his fingers upon his lips. Estevan understood the signal, and went forward without betraying the least emotion. Zamora being thus set at ease, suffered him to proceed with his escort, and, availing himself of the confidence which he enjoyed in the house, returned, during the absence of Estevan, to his dungeon, the door of which was left open. He examined its position; upon what external part of the building the window opened; how many bars secured it; and at what height it stood from the ground. It was over the garden, the elevation about fifty feet. No windows, where any dangerous observation could be made, were directed towards this quarter. This was all he wanted to know. He came forth, and nobody observed him. He then descended and waited Estevan's return. After a lapse of about two hours, Estevan returned, with the same retinue; their eyes again met, and much meaning was in the glance. Being arrived at the door of his dungeon, Estevan entered, the alcaide was about to bolt

the door, the officious Zamora offered to spare him the trouble, and pretending to employ some force, and drawing forth the inner door, he passed his hand through the wicket, by which the food of the prisoners is introduced, and let a small billet fall within. Then, having shut both the doors, he retired with the guards and the alcaide. Estevan snatched this billet as the palladium of his fate, and read: *Courage, patience, silence, attention, and above all, tear after you read.*

The next morning he was in the garden, which lay beneath the window of Estevan. He had worked there a hundred times without suspecting he was so near his unfortunate master. The gardener was accustomed to see him there, and never interfered with any work that he did: he knew that father Juan was his protector, and that was enough. The gardener was a man of above sixty years, who was extravagantly fond of brandy, and Zamora took care that he should not want his favourite liquor. He had, by his goodnatured attentions, rendered himself equally agreeable to the wife; so that Zamora was like the master of the house. The confidence of the gardener, the good will of his wife, and the liberty which was necessary for the performance of his work, had enabled Zamora to obtain a key of their door. By day or by night, at any hour that he pleased, he could enter the garden unnoticed, and this had been the case almost ever since he had been in the house. Upon that day, he employed himself in ascertaining which of the windows, that opened into the garden, belonged to the dungeon of his master.

Zamora devoted himself, for some days, to assist the servants, whose business it was to convey their food to the prisoners, in the morning and evening. At length one evening, as he conveyed to Estevan his supper through the wick-

et, he contrived, adroitly, to let fall a second billet: *To morrow, at the same hour, caution!* The next evening at the hour of distribution, he took care to be at hand. His comrades arranged the suppers of the prisoners upon plates, in order to convey them to their cells. Zamora took charge of the basket which contained the portions of bread. They then set forward. In going along, one piece of bread fell from the basket, or let us at least suppose that it fell. Zamora picked it up and placed it under his arm. This distribution then was made from door to door, and Zamora contrived to introduce, through that of Estevan, the piece of bread which he had picked up. Never, in his entire existence, did he experience anxiety equal to that which he suffered, from the moment when his pretended awkwardness caused the bread to fall from the basket, until that in which he conveyed it to the hand of Estevan. He had substituted it by stealth, in the kitchen, for another piece which he left there, in order that there might not appear to have been a piece too many, which might create suspicions, in such a place as the holy office, where the smallest trifles do not pass unnoticed. This piece of bread, which exactly resembled those distributed to the prisoners, had been prepared at the house of the consul. It contained a file. The moment he had descended the stairs, he fainted away. Every body flew to his assistance, every one was prodigal of attention. Even father Juan Maria, when informed of the accident, came to see him. He quickly recovered his senses, and with these, his native presence of mind. After some months, on the night which preceded the eve of Christmas day, Zamora cast into his master's cell a third billet: *If you are ready, to morrow, after dinner, leave some wine in your bottle.* The answer that he wished for was returned. This was en

Christmas eve. Upon the day of this festival, Zamora enjoyed a still greater facility of correspondence. At the hour of distributing their supper to the prisoners, the greater part of the servants, the guards, and the alcaide were still at church. Zamora then threw in his fourth and last billet. *To-morrow, between midnight and one o'clock, let down the cord and get yourself ready.* The routine of duty being over about six o'clock, the grand inquisitor and the majority of the superiour members of the inquisition sat down at table. The wine was not spared. At nine they separated: and in half an hour more they were all buried in a profound sleep. The alcaide then said to Zamora: "Every body is asleep, as you perceive; there are no rounds to go to night; I will go and spend a few hours with Donna Jacintha" [his mistress.] 'Well,' replied Zamora, 'I have promised to sup with the gardener and his wife. If you please we will go out together.' The alcaide desired the guards to watch well. They promised as usual, and in half an hour after, they were as fast asleep as every other person. Zamora supped with the gardener and his wife. He had supplied himself with excellent wine; joy, laughter, and songs heightened the pleasure of the repast. Bumper followed bumper; and at eleven o'clock the gardener leaned snoring upon the table. The wife soon followed her lord's example, and Zamora was left alone.

The clock now struck twelve. Zamora extinguished the candles, and, on tiptoe, descended the stairs. He entered the garden. It was per-

fectly dark, and rained violently. He first ran to dig up a rope ladder, which he had concealed beneath a bed of flowers, of which he alone had the care, under the pretence of cultivating them for father Juan Maria. After some search he found it. He flew to the window: a slight whistle was the signal: in a moment after he saw descend a thin cord which he had conveyed to Estevan: he seized it, fastened it to his ladder, and then gave it a gentle pull. With the utmost ecstasy he saw the ladder ascend. The agitation which he endured was now most dreadful. Estevan appeared; and a moment more gave him to the ecstatic embrace of the delighted Zamora. They flew across the garden, entered the street, and were soon at a distance from this dreadful place. They entered the garden of the consul, flew across it in a moment, reached the door, ascended the stairs, and here had their liberty secure in the asylum of his Chamber.

'Oh, eternal giver of all good,' exclaimed Estevan, as he bent his knees before the throne of his God, 'hear the prayer of thy unfortunate creature; recompense my deliverer, whom thy mercies have enabled to achieve his daring resolution.' How shall I paint the transports, the overflowing ecstasy, the interrupted exclamations of the three friends. Estevan was indebted to one for the recovery of his liberty, and to the other for the security of his fortune.

Estevan and his faithful Ramora afterwards escaped by sea to Bordeaux.

[FROM THE FREEMASONS MAGAZINE.]

BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

AMONG the crimes to the practice of which domestic security is a frequent sacrifice, seduction of every species is the most openly prac-

tised.—Ye honourable dispensers of just and distinguished punishments, who place protection at the door of the good, and overwhelm the guilty with confusion, why do ye not fix conspicuous disgrace on him who tramples on the sacred bosom of peace and innocence, and leaves a heartbroken woman to brood over the distracting remembrance of what she once possessed, and the bitter consciousness that shame and disappointment approach to hide her in the gloomy mantle of despair from even the compassion of the world?

I know I am addressing you on a subject on which eloquence has exhausted all her force; but sir, tears of self injury are starting even now from the recent wounds of my heart. I am just shivering in a state of penury; which the hard hand of the seducer has assigned me. I once pressed the pillow of independence and comfort—sad preparatives were these to the crust imbittered with tears, to the wretched bed on which my feeble limbs scarcely find rest. I am aware you may urge many reasons for refusing the insertion of this—the frequency of such complaints, and their general want of truth. Could you see my heart, could you know how deeply it has felt the facts I offer you, you would believe it to be as artless and as melancholy a one as ever the eye of pity wept over.

My family, who were rather respectable than affluent, educated the orphan son of an indigent relation, and by their interest procured him the commission he dishonors by possessing; and my father, who had ever shown him the affection without the authority of a parent, gave him, when he attained the 21st year, the same portion he had allotted his own children. I was the fourth of six daughters, and from an infant had been his favourite companion, because, as he frequently observed, I was much prettier than my sisters—I was just

sixteen when he received orders to join his regiment; and it was on the morning previous to his departure, that he first professed a tender and unalterable attachment to me—I heard every accent with delightful impatience; they fell on my ear like the heavenly Eolian harp, or the perfumed whisper of a zephyr in the mildest evening of May. We promised a fidelity to each other through life; and, on my part at least, it was the promise of sincerity: for while I turned to wipe away the tear that fell for Henry's departure, the hope of his return made my romantic heart a momentary paradise. I heard of Henry's courage, and Henry's promotion; and after a few months he returned to lay his laurels at my feet. The light bloom of early youth had resigned its place to the blushing dignity of manly beauty; and his full black eyes darted the quick beams of exultation and sensibility. Previous however to our intended union, he paid a promised visit to a brother officer in London; and from that visit he returned with a constitution broken by dissipation and a mind depraved by licentiousness; his commission was mortgaged, and his property wholly exhausted. To me, that Henry with all his faults, was yet dear, and the penitence he assumed gained on my unsuspecting heart; but my father refused his consent to the union of so criminal a profligate with his favourite Emilia; and, like a faithful friend, while he admonished him to repent, paid off the heavy debts his commission was embarrassed with. But when he denied Henry G—— a home, when he refused to admit him into our family, because his vices had made him a dangerous companion for women of character and delicacy. I was in a situation too painful to be endured: I felt that I could not support my existence without him; but I knew I could contentedly share the smallest portion of its comforts with one so tenderly be-

loved. When we last met before he obeyed my father's orders, fondness prevailed over my reason, and I consented, at his earnest request, to accompany him to London, and become his wife there; for there he assured me he had pecuniary resources: I seized the most fatal opportunity of my life, while my virtuous family enjoyed the sleep of peaceful security, to elope with Henry G—; and on my arrival was introduced to the house of an officer and his pretended wife. The next morning I expected to be that of our marriage, but he produced a paper, whether forged or a real one I know not, in which my father offered a large reward to any one who would inform him of my retreat, and threatened the legal prosecution of any clergyman, who should officiate at the ceremony of my union with captain G—. This fatal witness he produced to testify the impossibility of our immediate marriage; and it was the origin of my credulity and destruction. I do not charge him with violence; no, he knew too well the uncertainty of succeeding by such means; but he also knew my heart to be warm with the romantic sensibility of youth, and that it was full of the affection fondest affection for him. He pleaded the hard fate which delayed our union; and his arguments were fatally persuasive. Not long, however, did I enjoy the delusion: I found myself no longer the self-proud, the virtuous Emilia, and that on his part the smile of selfish gratification had hardened into the frown of dissatisfied caprice. The deformities of his temper hourly became more evident, and I wept my lost home with all the bitterness of anguish. In this manner I passed my time till I was 21; and while my prophetic tears fell in showers on my bosom, I earnestly pressed him to fulfil his engagement to me, as my father could no longer prevent it. He gave me then all the proof that remain-

ed in his power of his baseness, and refused my request with a laugh of surprise at the absurdity of it. Almost suffocated with the inward swellings of my heart, I should have committed some act of desperate violence, if he had not almost flown from my presence. I recollected that I had letters at my father's, in which he had promised marriage a thousand times; and I determined, notwithstanding my shame, to throw myself on his compassion, and to force the destroyer of my peace to make some atonement for the wrongs he had done me. For this purpose I wrote to my father, and because I had reason to fear my letter would be detained, I myself carried it to the office, which was three miles or more from our residence. I had reached the end of the street, when a letter was put into my hand from Mr. G—, telling me that he had left the house with his friend and the lady for the continent, for that the furniture was seized by their creditors, and advising me to return to my father, adding, that he should have continued his protection, but my disgusting sorrows and tiresome regret had made me an irksome companion for a young man of spirit and liberty. I grew giddy while I was perusing it, and sunk on the pavement, my brain almost burned with agony, and I became ignorant alike of my sufferings and of my being. Rise, sweet oblivion, and shield my suffering heart from the remembered horrors of that period! —I awoke in that sad receptacle of human misery, a common hospital. I had broken my arm in my fall, by entangling it in the iron rails of an area; & from this den of wretchedness I wrote to my father once more; but alas! in the interval he had left this miserable world; and the answer I received from my sisters only informed me that they shuddered at the name of a wretch so lost to fame and friendship, and inclosed ten pounds as their last do-

nation to one whom they pitied as a beggar, but would not assist as a relative. After the receipt of this I retired into a gloomy pacific resignation, but it was of that corroding kind which parches up and wastes away every noble faculty of the mind: a slow and vital fever seized me; but, as it did not admit of my continuance on the hands of public charity, I was forced to remove, or rather was removed, to a miserable lodging, whose walls seem as dreary to me as the cell of a felon, and where the sound of human comfort is never heard. I feel, however, that the moment of release draws near: I am withering at the heart; for I was born with proud impassioned feelings, which all the disappointment that fell upon my youthful hopes, and struck me almost to my existence, has failed to extinguish: they were left glowing at my heart to strike the dart yet deeper, or make the wound fester that already rankles so sharply; for I am about to be the parent of an helpless infant, whose eyes shall scarcely open to the light of heaven ere they close forever, for want of that nourishment the inward scorchings of a fever dries up from the heated bosom of its

mother. My extensive acquirements are useless, because I have no recommendation to an employer; and could my soul bend to seek the bread of infamy, I have not strength to solicit it, and my features are shrunk by illness and necessity. When the little I have is gone, I depend on the charity of a poor woman, with whom I live, and who has scarcely bread to break among a large half famished family. I am expiring amidst the horrors of want, the pangs of penitence, and the intense agony of a rheumatic fever. For the unborn pensioner of Providence, if, like an April bud, he withers not beneath the tears and sorrows of his mother, may he, who regards the orphan and the desolate, visit not on him the crime of the wretched Emily, but let her unequalled sufferings expiate it. I make this public appeal without any other intention than that it may meet the eye of the destroyer; if so, what I once was—what I now am—may strike remorse to his soul, and prompt him to wrap in the silken folds of comfort the breaking heart of the miserable.

EMILIA R——.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF ARISTOTLE.

Aristotle was once asked, what benefit and advantage could possibly arise from the practice of lying. Why this, replied he, He that is addicted to the mean-spirited vice may be assured, that no one will believe him whenever he speaks the truth.

Aristotle being once blamed by a friend for bestowing his benevolence on an unworthy object; It is not, said he, because he is that wicked worthless person as you observe, that I have pity and compassion on him, but because he is my fellow creature.

It was a common saying of Aristotle's, both to his friends and pu-

pils; that knowledge, in regard to the soul, was much the same as light is to the eye; and that, notwithstanding its roots might possibly prove somewhat bitter, yet its delicious fruits made an ample compensation.

Sometimes when Aristotle was disgusted at the misconduct of the Athenians, he would tell them, with an air of derision, that notwithstanding they had a profusion of wholesome laws, as well as of the best corn; yet they would be lavish of the latter, without paying the least veneration or respect to the former.

Amusing.



WHEN Garrick first came upon the stage, and, one very sultry evening in the month of May, performed the character of Lear, he, in the four first acts, received the customary tokens of applause; and, at the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big round tear ran down every cheek: at this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion—it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh: in a few seconds the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from the sofa; and with the majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent, ran laughing off the stage. The audience could not account for so strange a termination of a tragedy, in any other way than by supposing the dramatic personæ were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat White-chapel butcher, seated on the centre of the first bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the same privilege here: the butcher sat very back, and the quadruped, finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his forepaws on the rail of the orchestra, peeped at the performers with as upright a head, & as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughterman was made of melting stuff, and,

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not being accustomed to a play-house heat, found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well powdered Sunday peruke, which, for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff. The dog, being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Garrick and of the other performers. A mastiff in a churchwarden's wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much: it would have provoked laughter in Lear himself, at the moment he was most distressed; no wonder then that it had such an effect on his representative.

The witty Lord —, who has a son one of the greatest coxcombs in London, caught him lately admiring himself at his toilet. "Jack," said the nobleman, "you are very fond of yourself." "Yes, sir, as the ladies think me an *Adonis*, I must take care of my person:"—"Well, my boy," rejoined his father, "your *self*-admiration has one advantage at least—it has no rival."

A gentleman, soured from disappointments in life, and continually railing against the iniquity of mankind, exclaimed lately "that he constantly experienced knavery & imposture." "Then, sir," cried a cynical character, "you certainly keep very bad company."

An eye to business.—A gentleman travelling post last week to town, being informed by the hostler that there were two roads, asked the landlord which was the shortest way—"A post-chaise and four, your honor."

To speak little is precious as silver; but to speak not at all is precious as gold.

A butcher of considerable eminence was lately in company with some ladies at a game of quadrille, where unfortunately, he did not exhibit himself as a very clever fellow. After having lost two or three pools, one of the ladies, addressing him asked, 'Pray sir, what are *stakes* now?' To which he immediately replied, 'Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than ten pence a pound.'

During my residence in the Hague I was witness to a circumstance, which I could not otherwise have believed, respecting the price of flowers in Holland. I saw four hundred and seventy-five guineas offered and refused for a hyacinth. It was, to be sure, the most charming flower that ever was seen: it belonged to a florist at Haarlem, and another florist offered this price for it. The reason which the owner assigned for refusing the offer was, that his hyacinth was known to all the amateurs of Europe, and that he sold the bulbs every year for more than the interest of five hundred guineas. These bulbs produced the same sort of flower in all its beauty.

Saint Foix tells a story of a young woman who, on a promise of marriage, suffered herself to be seduced by her affection and the tears and entreaties of her lover. He immediately after became rich and broke his promise. Her relations, in spite of her opposition, sued the seducer, and he was condemned either to marry her, or pay her one hundred thousand francs. When they came to announce to the high-spirited girl the result, 'I refuse both,' said she; 'I will neither sell my virtue, nor be the wife of a scoundrel.' She took the veil.

At the conclusion of a meeting for the choice of town officers, a Mr. Shote was chosen hog-constable; which produced the subsequent impromptu:

The wisdom of this town now stands confessed,
They chose one Shote to govern all the rest.

A fellow, lately in one of the county courts, having put off the trial of a cause as long as he could, at length threatened his adversary to remove his cause to the supreme court if he would not refer it; this reference agreed to, and men appointed, when the rule was mentioned, that they might proceed ex parte on six days notice, he objected to the time as too short, alleging that he could not within that time get a particular witness. The counsel for the plaintiff, firmly persuaded that it was a mere pretence, to harass his client, exclaimed with indignation, '*The time is long enough, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and all that in them is, and it must be sufficient for you to get a witness.*' The defendant, astonished and confounded, instantly withdrew his objection.

The late Mr. Baker of St. John's College, Cambridge, was a person of such remarkable serenity of temper, that nothing was ever known to discompose him. One evening having set up rather later than usual at a friend's room in Jesus College, and pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much pressed to take the porter and a lanthorn along with him which he refused. In going to St. John's College it is necessary to pass through a churchyard, which, when he arrived at, the wine growing too powerful upon him, he fell flat upon his back between two grave stones. After making several efforts to raise himself to no purpose, he folded his arms with great calmness, and was

heard to say, 'tis mighty well, but I suppose I shall rise with the rest of them.

After a careful scrutiny of the Hibernian advertisements, we are compelled to confess, that we have not met with any blunders that more nearly resembles our notion of an Irish bull than one, which some years ago appeared in the English papers. It was the title to an advertisement of a washing machine, in these words—'Every man his own washerwoman.'

A gentleman while walking in company with a lady, unfortunately made a mis-step and fell. The lady feeling for his situation, kindly assisted him in recovering his feet, observing that she was extremely sorry for his *faux pas*; to which our gallant angrily replied, 'What is that you say, madam; about my *fore paws*?' and immediately left her.

Two comedians having a wager about which of them sung the best they agreed to refer it to Kelly, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both of the parties executed to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, he proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: 'As for you, sir, (addressing himself to the first) you are the worst singer I ever heard in my life.' 'Ah, (said the other, exultingly) I knew I should win my wager.' 'Stop, sir, (says the arbitrator) I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this, *that as for you, sir, you cannot sing at all.*'

A buffoon at the court of Francis I. complaining to the king, that a great lord threatened to murder him for uttering some jokes about him. 'If he does,' said Francis, 'he shall be hanged in five minutes after.' 'I wish your majesty would hang him five minutes before.'

A dragoon was tried in Dublin for desertion, and for carrying off his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him, what could induce him to take his horse away! To which Pat replied, 'he ran away with him.' 'What, (said the officer) did you do with the money you sold him for?' 'That, please your honour, (said the fellow, with the utmost indifference) ran away too.'

When Cibber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Cibber took no notice of this at the time, but when in a few days afterwards Booth paid him a visit in return—he called out from the first floor that he was *not at home*. 'How can that be,' answered Booth, 'do I not hear your voice?' 'To be sure you do, (replied Cibber) but what then?' 'I believed your *servant-maid* and it is hard indeed, if you won't believe me.'

An old Irish beggar-man, pretending to be dumb, was thrown off his guard by the question, 'How many years have you been dumb?' and answered, 'Five years last St. John's eve, please your honour.'

Cooke, whose habitual propensity to drinking freely and largely, is well known, during his engagement a few seasons since at Glasgow, was remarkable for his sobriety, being closely looked after by the manager, whose interest it was to keep him sober. One evening, being in company with a few friends at a tavern, Cooke asked the waiter for some brandy; accordingly a small quantity was brought in a half-gill glass. When Mr. Cooke observed it, he was about to abuse the waiter, but suddenly directed himself to the company, saying, 'Here gentlemen, you see I have given over drinking in a great measure.'

A lawyer riding through a town in the county of Worcester, stopped at a cottage to enquire his way. The old woman of the house told him he must keep on straight for some way, and then turn to the right; but said, that she herself, was going to pass the road he must take, and that if he would wait a few moments till she could get her horse ready, she would show him the way. 'Well, (said he) bad company is better than none,—make haste. After jogging on five or six miles, the gentleman asked if they had not come to the road he must take: "O yes," said she, "we have passed it two or three miles back; but I thought bad company better than none, so I kept you along with me."

A certain deacon having had the misfortune to lose his wife, attempted, immediately afterwards, to strike up a match with his maid, whose name was Patience. The parson of the parish coming in, a short time, to console the bereaved husband, told him he must have *patience* to support him in his troubles. 'Ah,' says the deacon, 'I have been trying her, but she seems rather to be off.'

A person remarkable for parsimony, having a number of men employed, carried round the l'eau de vie in a very small glass. One of the labourers holding it very carelessly, the person begged of him not to break it, 'for,' says he, 'I have had it these twenty years.' "Pardon me," cried the wag, "it is the *smallest thing of its age I ever saw.*"

A middle aged gentleman paid his addresses to a *very young* lady, and asked her in marriage, but was refused. Having acquainted a neighbouring clergyman with his disappointment, he received the following laconic scriptural answer: 'You ask, and you shall not receive, because you ask a *miss.*'

A German physician has published a medical tract, in which he maintains, that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. It is said this book is in great demand.

An ignorant actor, having the following line to speak in the Play of Richard the Third,

'My Lord stand back, and let the coffin pass,'

after conning his part with great care and attention, when Richard, at last intercepts the procession, our actor with true tragic effect, speaks out,

'My Lord stand back and let the parson cough.'

A lady and her husband going home one rainy night, by accident, in crossing a street, stept into a very deep gutter; the lady set up a most pitiable lamentation, but the husband taking literally the expression, 'we two are one,' to pacify her, said, "Never mind, my dear I've got boots on."

Until Mendoza entered into the late literary contest, many people thought that he could not write, though it was well known that he knew how to *make his mark!*

The duchess of Kingston was always remarkable for having a very high sense of her own dignity: being one day detained in her carriage by a cart of coals that was unloading in a very narrow street, she leans with both her arms upon the door, and asked the fellow, 'How dare you, sirrah, to stop a woman of quality in the streets?'—"Woman of quality!" replied the man. 'Yes, fellow, (rejoined her grace) don't you see my arms upon my carriage?'—"Yes, I do, indeed, (he answered) and a pair of devilish coarse arms they are."

Poetic Department.



THE IGNORANCE OF MAN.
BEHOLD yon new-born infant
griev'd

With hunger, thirst, and pain;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speak its nature—man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive
pow'r!)

That infant, Lord am I!

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,

Though long in years mature;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of good! to thee I turn:
Thy ever wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And O! by error's force subdued,
Since oft my stubborn will
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
And grasps the specious ill;

Not to my wish, but to my want,
Do thou thy gifts apply;
Unask'd, what good thou knowest
grant;
What ill, though ask'd deny.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

By a Lady.

YE beauties, or such as would
beauties be fam'd,
Lay patches and washes and
painting aside;

Go burn all the glasses that ever
were fram'd,

The gewgaws of fashion and nick-
nacks of pride.

A nostrum to cull from the toilet
of reason,

'Tis easy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis e-
ver in season,

When art has in vain her cos-
metics apply'd.

Goodnature, believe me, 's the
smoothes of varnish,

Which ever bedimp'd the beau-
tiful cheek;

No time nor no tint can its excel-
lence tarnish,

It holds on so long and it lies on
so sleek;

'Tis more than the blush of the
rose in the morning.

The white of the lily is not so
adorning;

All accident proof, and all ser-
tiny scorning;

'Tis ease to the witty, and wit
to the weak.

'Tis surely the girdle that Venus
was bound with,

The graces, her handmaids, all
proud, put it on;

'Tis surely the radiance Aurora is
crown'd with.

Who, smiling, arises and waits
for the sun.

Oh! wear it, ye lasses, on ev'ry
occasion:—

'Tis the noblest reproof, 'tis the
strongest persuasion;

'Twill keep; nay, 'twill almost
retrieve reputation!

And last, and look lovely when
beauty is gone.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

YE fair, ever blooming and gay.

Who flutter in fashion's wild train;
Oh cast each poor trifle away,

They're joys for the giddy & vain.

Ah bid not the pencil of art,
To tarnish each dimple so sleek;
Far sweeter they glow from the
heart,
That sports on the innocent cheek.

Let modesty temper each charm,
Nor art prompt the anguishing
sigh;
Mild beauty the bosom will warm,
Contrasted, it palls on the eye.
LYSANDER.

FROM THE HIVE.

THE STORM.

THE whistling wind proclaims the
storm at hand,
The trees low bending sigh their
plaintive moan,
Twisted boughs and leaves lay
scatter'd o'er the land;
Or on the jarring elements are
blown.

The tender partridge sounds her
pipe so shrill,
Across the mead, it echoes back
her call;
The bellowing cattle rush from yon-
der hill,
And straitway hasten to their
fodder'd stall.

The wearied plough-boy glad to
hail the drops,
That fast now falling, bid his la-
bours end;
While heavy clouds hang on the
mountain tops,
And floods of liquid tears from
each descend!

Hark! the swelling brook babbles
o'er yon steep,
And forms a creek along the val-
ley plain;
While broken branches on the cur-
rent sweep,
That bears them headlong to the
raging main!

The storm abates—the clouds dis-
perse at will;
The sun peeps forth in golden
splendor dress'd;

The murm'ring clapper of yon bu-
sy mill,
Lulls ev'ry care that dares the
soul molest.

The feather'd songsters 'mid the
shady grove,
Soft warble notes of sweetest
melody;
Or charm their mates with artless
strains of love,
And chirping swear they'll ever
faithful be.

ALONZO.

SONG.

By Mrs. Opie.

THEN be it so, and let us part,
Since love like mine has fail'd to
move thee;
But do not think this constant heart
Can ever cease, ingrate, to love
thee.

No—spite of all the cold disdain
I'll bless the hour when first I
met thee,
And rather bear whole years of
pain
Than ever for one short hour for-
get thee.

Forget thee! No.

Still memory, now my only friend,
Shall with her soothing art en-
deavor

My present anguish to suspend,
By painting pleasure lost for ever.
She shall the happy hours renew,
When full of hopes and smiles I
met thee,
And little thought the day to view
When thou would'st wish me to
forget thee.

Forget thee! No.

Yet I have loved to view that day,
To mourn my past destructive
blindness,
To see now turn'd with scorn away
Those eyes once filled with an-
swering kindness.
But go—farewell! and be thou blest,
If thoughts of what I feel will let
thee:

Yet though thy image kills my rest,
'Twere greater anguish to forget
thee.

Forget thee! No.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

BALLAD.

From a curious old collection.
*The Politic Lovers; or, the London
Merchant outwitted.*

IN London city late did dwell
A merchant, rich and known full
well,
Who had a daughter fair & young,
With beauty bright, with beauty
bright,
and charming tongue.

At Hackney she did board last
spring,
Only to learn to dance and sing.
Her father he a 'prentice had,
Which was in love, which was in
love,
with this fair maid.

But when the father found it out,
There was a heavy scolding 'bout,
He did command his 'prentice sure
Never to see, never to see,
his daughter more.

The 'prentice and his darling love
Found new ways to keep on their
love,

The secret is a pretty joke,
'Twas manag'd by, 'twas manag'd
by
the father's cloak.

For when the father he did go
To see his daughter, you must
know,

The 'prentice would a letter poke
Within the cape, within the cape
of master's cloak.

So when to Hackney he was got,
The weather being something hot,
The daughter to the father said,
Pray give your cloak, pray give
your cloak
unto the maid.

Then straightways from the cape
would they

Her lover's letters soon convey,
Wherein the daughter she did find
That still her love, that still her
love

was true and kind.

The daughter writ an answer then,
And put it in the cape again,
The father said, my daughter dear,
Ne'er entertain, ne'er entertain
my servant here.

The daughter then did weeping say,
Dear father, I'll not disobey.
Upon which words he then did cry,
You shall have all, you shall have
all,

girl, when I die.

But when the merchant he came
back,

The 'prentice soon the cloak did
take

And in the cape he straight did
find

A letter from, a letter from,
his mistress kind.

The 'prentice said, oh master pray,
What made you thus angry this
day,

To chide your daughter so severe,
And say, that I, and say that I
must ne'er come there.

He said, a wizzard you must be,
Or how could you know this by me?
But yet when he to Hackney went,
The 'prentice still, the 'prentice
still,

a letter sent.

So when he to his daughter came,
She ask'd him questions of the same,
Which made her father stamp and
stare,

And cry'd a witch, & cry'd a witch
I'm sure you are.

At length the merchant he would
know,

How 'twas his man had tidings so,

And then he did protest and swear,
That he should have, that he should
have,
his daughter fair.

The man reply'd, will you not
blame
The messenger that brought the
same ;
He then began to curse and ban,
That he would ne'er, that he would
ne'er,
forgive the man.

In the cape of your coat then know;
You brought our letters to and fro :
Which made the merchant smile
and say,
My daughter you, my daughter you
shall wed, this day.

*[We have seldom seen Domestic
Happiness portrayed in such
charming and inviting colours,
as in the subsequent verses :—]*

HOME.

WHEN Evening flings her dusky
shade,
O'er days departing close ;
When labor drops the pen or spade,
For pleasure or repose.

With hasty step, & gladsome heart,
I seek my much-lov'd home ;
A cot that boasts no builder's art ;
An unaspiring dome :—

Yet there the virtues, with their
train
Of social joys resort ;
There health, and peace, and free-
dom reign,
Fair exiles from a court.

When heard the scrapings of my
feet,
What transports stir within !
Affection pipes her welcomes sweet,
A pleasing, tuneful din.

My children fly to share my kiss,
A little artless group !
There, centred is a mother's bliss,
And all a father's hope.

My loving partner in her turn,
Anticipates desire ;
And oft, as if it would not burn,
She trims the blazing fire.

Officiously she now displays
The dish and cleanly platter :
And when excuse for ought she
prays,
Contentment cries, " no matter."

Thus round the soul endearment
twines,
With stronger, faster hold ;
Yes, Hymen's lamp still brighter
shines,
And charms still new unfold.

As thus connubial pleasures rise,
To gild my dear abode ;
To heaven I lift my grateful eyes,
And thank a bounteous God,

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moon beam
slept,
And chilly was the midnight
gloom ;
When by the damp grove Ellen
wept,
Sweet maid! it was her lover's
tomb.

A warm tear gush'd—the wintry air
Congeal'd it, as it flow'd away ;
All night it lay an ice drop there,
At morn, it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wandering from the
sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen
gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

EPIGRAM.—To a Physician.

YOU say you doctor'd me, when
lately ill,
To prove you did not—I am living
still.